



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

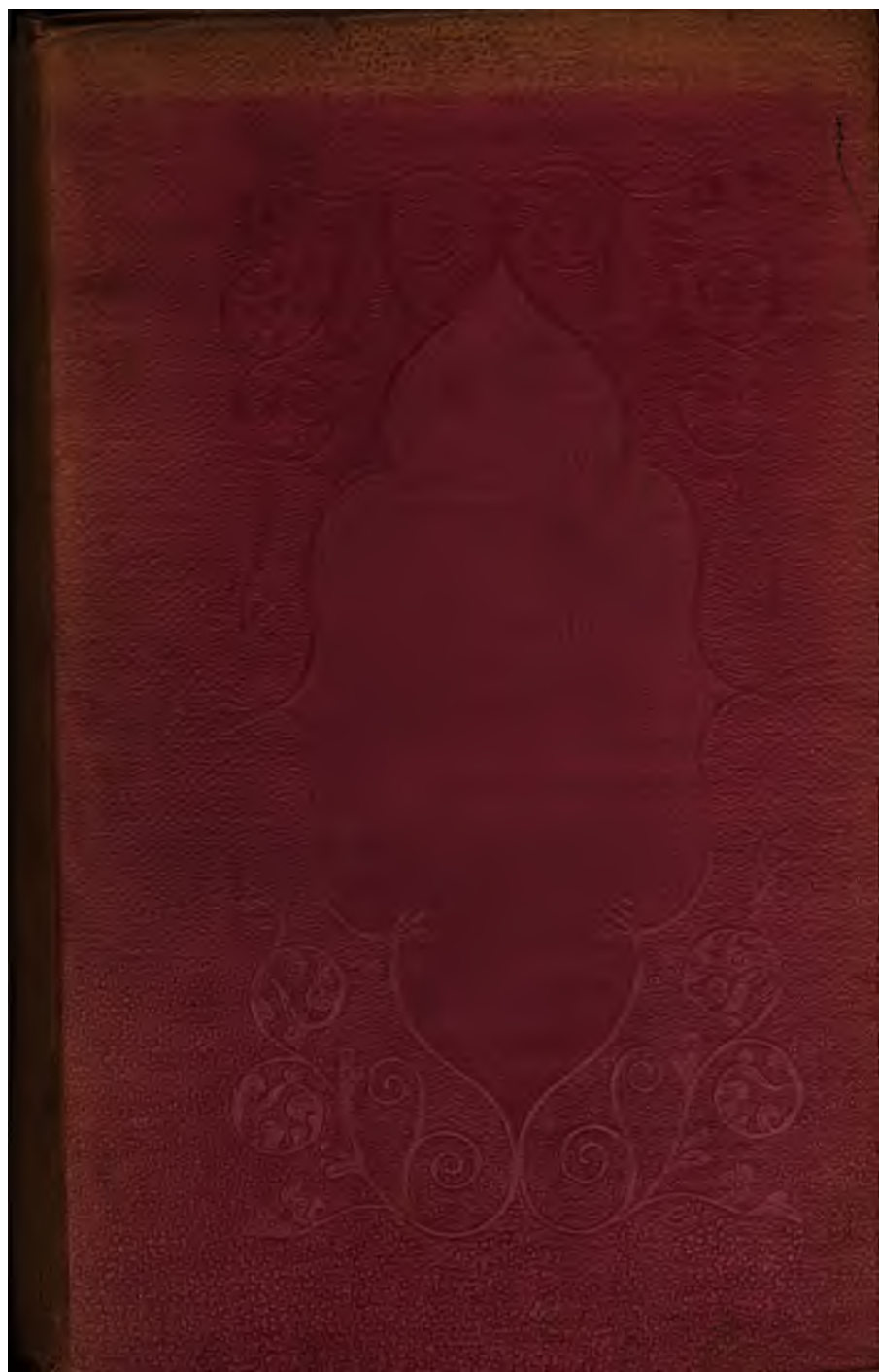
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



37.  
50.



177

178

179

180



**PLAYS AND POEMS.**



**PLAYS AND POEMS;**

**BY**

**MRS. WILLIAM BUSK.**

**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**

**THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.**

**MDCCCLXXVII.**

*50.*



LONDON:

J. AND C. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

<b>SORDELLO . . . . .</b>	<i>Page</i> <b>1</b>
---------------------------	-------------------------

### TALES.

The Minstrel . . . . .	105
The Two Magicians . . . . .	124
The Death of Amurath . . . . .	129
Spanish Revenge . . . . .	135
Spanish Courtesy . . . . .	152
The Wedding Ring . . . . .	160
The Greeks and the English Lady . . . . .	168

### POEMS UPON PUBLIC EVENTS.

To Napoleon at St. Helena . . . . .	177
Upon the Greek Insurrection . . . . .	182

	<i>Page</i>
Waterloo . . . . .	187
Ode to Liberty . . . . .	193
On the Deaths of British Statesmen . . . . .	203
Ode to the Queen of Portugal . . . . .	208
—upon the removal of Religious Restrictions . . . . .	214
On the Death of George IV. . . . .	220

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ode to Fortune . . . . .	225
— on hearing an <i>Improvvisatore</i> . . . . .	232
The Sunflower . . . . .	239
Flanders . . . . .	242
The Steam Boat . . . . .	247
The Sea . . . . .	250
To the Methodist . . . . .	255
The Sister Arts . . . . .	260
The Hindoo Boatman . . . . .	265
On a Stormy Evening . . . . .	267
On the Death of Miss Stables . . . . .	269
On Deaths and other Misfortunes . . . . .	273
Sonnet on the Death of Lady Caroline Lamb . . . . .	275
— of the Rev. Robert Malthus . . . . .	276
— the Soldier's Funeral . . . . .	277
— in a Country Churchyard . . . . .	278
— on Posthumous Fame . . . . .	279

# CONTENTS.

VII.

	<i>Page</i>
<b>Sonnet on Hope</b> . . . . .	280
—— <b>Despondency</b> . . . . .	281
—— <b>Discontent</b> . . . . .	282
—— <b>Remorse</b> . . . . .	283
—— <b>Age</b> . . . . .	284
—— <b>Dotage</b> . . . . .	285
—— <b>Solitude</b> . . . . .	286
—— <b>the Mirage</b> . . . . .	287
—— <b>the Revolving Meteors</b> . . . . .	288
—— <b>to the Nightingale</b> . . . . .	289
—— <b>on Machinery</b> . . . . .	290
—— <b>the Welsh Suspension Bridges</b> . . . . .	291
<b>The Bazaar Song</b> . . . . .	292
<b>A Song</b> . . . . .	294
<b>The Exile's Song</b> . . . . .	295
<b>The Young Girl's Song</b> . . . . .	297
<b>The Old Woman's Song</b> . . . . .	299
<b>Lines upon Miss F. Kemble's Juliet</b> . . . . .	301
<b>NOTES</b> . . . . .	303



**SORDELLO.**



THE once renowned Mantuan Troubadour, SORDELLO, probably owes the faint glimmering of celebrity that he may still enjoy, to the distinction with which he is treated by Dante, to the embrace of fraternity bestowed upon him by Virgil in the *Purgatorio*. It may, therefore, be advisable to preface the poem bearing his name by an assurance that none of the adventures here ascribed to the Poet-hero are imaginary, at least of recent imagining. Sordello's prowess and high fame in arms, as well as in the *gai science*, his chivalrous duel of emulation, not enmity, with an Apulian champion, the competition of kings and princes for the honour of possessing him at their several courts, his connexion of vassalage or service with the powerful Lombard despots, the Signori da Romano, and the mutual attachment that existed betwixt him and their sister Cuniza, are all recorded by divers early Italian writers, as Rolandino, Nostradamus, Benvenuto da Imola, Bartolommeo Platina, and others, whose somewhat contradictory statements Tiraboschi has collected, compared, and examined. It was the striking discrepancy between Sordello's career, according to these accounts, and the lives of poets of more recent date, together with the impressive illustration of the ephemeral nature of literary fame exhibited in our general and utter ignorance of the history and writings of a poet once so celebrated,—for



great must the celebrity have been which could give birth to such romance as is here versified—that awoke the desire to sketch his adventures, fictitious or real, as a picture of what a Troubadour was, or, in early times, was supposed to be.

The only deviations from historic or traditionary truth in the following Tale will be found in the representing Mantua as part of Ezzelino's patrimonial dominions, and the conduct of the loves of Sordello and Cuniza. Their mutual passion, it is grievous to relate, is uniformly described as of the guilty character which too often disgraced the intercourse of noble ladies with admired troubadours, and the first advances are ascribed to the high-born damsel. It was not singing or wooing *under* the princess's window, but in the act of being carried by a servant through a dirty court to or from a back door communicating with her apartment, that Sordello is recorded to have been detected by Ezzelino da Romano.

In the present Poem the conduct of the lovers has been purified from actual guilt; and whatever may still appear repugnant to our strict notions of conjugal duty, should be referred to, and judged by, the manners and opinions prevalent in Italy during the thirteenth century. The final issue of the attachment is involved in great obscurity: Rolandino speaks of the illicit connexion as continued, or begun, after Cuniza's flight, in compliance with her brothers' commands, from her husband's domains to her brothers' court; but, as most writers affirm that Sordello married a sister or a daughter of Ezzelino's, we may surely be allowed to hope that a private but lawful union sanctified the early loves of Sordello and Cuniza.

# POEMS.

---

## SORDELLO.

### CANTO I.

#### THE TROUBADOUR.

##### I.

LISTEN, fair Dames and Gallants gay,  
Who love the Poet and his lay,  
And Italy's harmonious clime,  
Soft nurse of painting, music, rhyme,—  
Come, listen to the tale I tell  
Of him who sang, who lov'd so well,  
The Mantuan Troubadour, renown'd Sordel!

VOL. I.

B

## II.

The Troubadour, with brand and shield  
In many a bloody battle-field  
Midst heroes had been known;  
And after, in Tyrtean strain,  
Had sung his comrades on the plain,  
The victors and the nobly slain,  
All trophies, save his own.  
But never yet had love's soft fire  
Or touch'd his heart or strung his lyre :  
His eye rov'd free from face to face,  
He prais'd one's smile, another's grace,  
Another's golden tresses fair :  
The Archer Godhead he defied ;  
He mock'd the sighing Lover's care ;  
And still he jested, toyed, and laugh'd,  
The mantling goblet freely quaff'd,  
And caroll'd thus, in recklessness of pride.

## III.

## SONG.

Unworthy the Troubadour's name  
Is he who dishonours his lyre  
By singing so idle a flame  
As the brightest of eyes can inspire.

His Muse on bold pinion must soar  
To themes of a loftier strain.—  
It was thus that the Poets of yore  
Over ages extended their reign.

Let him sing of the Hero's renown,  
Of his actions, his guerdon, his death,  
Till the monarch would forfeit his crown  
To reign o'er the Troubadour's breath !

Let him sing of the triumphs of art  
Let him sing of man's genius and worth;  
Or to numbers such colours impart  
As may paint this our beautiful earth !

Let him sing of those diamonds of night,  
Mid the azure of Heaven, that blaze !  
Let devotional fervour invite  
His voice to pour anthems of praise !

But degrade not the Troubadour's name ;  
Profane not his Heav'n-gifted lyre,  
To sing of so idle a flame  
As the brightest of eyes can inspire !

## IV.

Thus sang Sordello in his pride.—  
His warrior-comrades flocked around :  
Some strove a love-lorn sigh to hide ;  
Some echoed back the lofty sound ;  
Some looked and laughed, whisp'ring aside,  
“ Fear not, 'twill strike the fated hour  
That bows Sordel beneath love's conqu'ring  
pow'r.”

## V.

But rarely would Sordello deign  
To mingle with the jocund train ;

Or join the banquet's revelry,  
With sportive jest and laughter loud  
Sharing his comrades' boist'rous glee.  
The empty praises of the crowd  
Shunning, he oft, in museful mood,  
Sought the recesses of the wood.  
'Twas there, beside some brawling rill,  
Down foaming from a neighb'ring hill,  
Or softly lingering through the glade ;—  
Beneath the thick embowering shade  
Of boughs, midst which melodious notes  
Are warbling from a thousand throats ;—  
Where long cool grass invites to rest,  
While breezes fan the panting breast ;—  
'Twas there Sordello loved to stray,  
And sometimes dream a sultry day  
In balmy listlessness away ;  
The fragrance of the flowers inhale,  
Enjoy the freshness of the gale,  
Hear the lark's carol of delight,  
Or richer songstress of the night ;  
And, languishing in soft repose,  
Scarce note the numbers on his soul that rose.

## VI.

But oftener, e'en, whilst every sense  
Owns the entrancing influence,  
Cradled midst Nature's luxuries,  
Unconscious of the place he lies ;  
Deeply immersed in earnest thought,  
With high poetic fervour fraught,  
Whilst fancies sweet, exalted, rare,  
Of objects terrible or fair,—  
Of rapturous joy, and wild despair,  
Of Nature's mysteries and charms,  
Of War's bold deeds and fierce alarms,  
Of Hero's and of Poet's fame,  
Of retribution's sudden blow,  
Of desperate guilt, remorse, and shame,  
Through triumph mingling torture's throe,  
Of patriotism's exalted glow,  
Of virtue's loftiest, holiest strain,—  
Float in bright visions o'er his brain.  
Till, from intensest meditation,  
He bursts in kindling inspiration ;  
And moulding with scarce mortal skill  
All blended images at will,

In numbers glowing, rich and strong,  
He pours the stream of high, heroic song.

## VII.

Thus, day by day, Sordello roves  
Amidst his native Mantua's groves;—  
Oh, Mantua, sacred to the Nine!  
Whose very name thy sons inspires  
With Poesy's sublimest fires,  
With yearnings, visions, thoughts divine!—  
Another nursling of the Muse—  
Whom, though of far inferior fame,  
That Tuscan Bard (1), born to infuse  
Through Italy's degenerate days  
Some breathings of her early fame,  
Has judged that Virgil's self might praise—  
Sordello, 'neath thy beechen shade,  
Now fondly wandering, mused or sang;  
Now 'gainst the foe his force essayed,  
With sword and helmet's deadly clang;  
Till round the very welkin rang,  
And, by his prowess foiled, each foe  
In tournament or battle-field lay low.



## VIII.

Whilst thus Sordello sang, or fought,  
The trump of fame his praise has caught,  
And spread through many a nation round ;  
Where Monarchs, Warriors, Ladies bright,  
Churchmen, and Troubadours unite  
To echo back her plaudits' sound.  
These celebrate his valour high ;  
And those his skilful minstrelsy,  
And others of his glowing lays  
The purity ; whilst all desire,  
Alike impatient, with keen gaze  
To look upon the man whom all admire.

## IX.

And now from many a distant land,  
Variously urged, the same request  
Sordello hears ; embassies bland,  
And presents rich invite the guest.  
The Prince, whom numerous foes alarm,  
Entreats Sordello's powerful arm,  
His hosts to aid, inspire, and guide.  
The Monarch, who in peaceful court,  
Of Knights and Ladies the resort,  
With gorgeousness of royal pride

Holds tournament and banquet gay  
In honour of some festal day,  
Sordello solemnly invites  
With his renown to decorate the rites.

## X.

And Raymond, Count of fair Toulouse,  
Who, scorning vulgar pleasures, woos,  
To grace his court, joys more refined,  
Joys known but to the polished mind;  
Nor woos in vain,—for whilst around  
Echoes of clashing arms the sound,  
There Troubadours, mid triumphs high,  
Dispute the prize of minstrelsy,—  
There noble Dames hold Courts of Love,  
To broken vows, deceptive sighs,  
False tears, and scorn's contemptuous guise,—  
All crimes that gentle hearts reprove,—  
Administ'ring correction due;  
And nicer points of doubtful hue,  
When or conflicting passions vex,  
Or equal claims opposed, perplex,  
Duty's and honour's laws dividing,  
With subtlest casuistry deciding.

To this fair seat of courtesy,  
Love, beauty, and the science gay,  
Its sovereign Raymond earnestly  
Summons the Poet of the lofty lay.

## XI.

And though beneath his beechen grove  
Sordello better loved to rove ;  
Or far from festive, courtly throng,  
In fancy's world alone to lie,  
And, lost in minstrel ecstasy,  
To meditate the growing song ;  
Yet 'twere not nature, least of all  
Poetic nature, at the call  
Of Fame, with unawakening glow  
To speak Philosophy's relentless " No !"

## XII.

'Twixt conflict of the Poet's skill,  
And battle fought with Warrior's sword,  
Sordello hung unfixed in will ;  
When Ezzelin, his native lord,

Within Verona's stately halls  
A double service to afford,  
Summons his vassal, Minstrel-Knight.  
Proud Ezzelino, born to reign  
O'er Mantua's lake-embosomed walls;  
Whose policy, or arm of might,  
Half Lombardy's luxuriant plain,  
Her wealthy towns, her nobles proud,  
Beneath his iron sceptre bowed.  
Sordello hastens to evince  
The fealty he owed his native prince.

## XIII.

Yet, might he not with disrespect  
The courtesy of kings neglect:  
And ere his sovereign to obey  
He towards Verona shaped his way,  
He answered, in as courteous mood,  
Chivalry's wonted compliment  
By the Apulian Monarch sent,—  
A challenge, hand to hand, in fight  
Of generous hostility,

To prove his martial hardihood  
And masterdom in chivalry,  
Against Apulia's doughtiest knight,  
Bold Leonello never yet subdued.

## XIV.

They fought—But wherefore should I tell  
How oft they met in full career,  
Shiv'ring each well directed spear,  
Till, by Sordello's force o'erthrown,  
The arrogant Apulian fell,  
And on the dusty plain lay prone?  
How then in each experienced hand  
Flashed terribly the deadlier brand,  
Now against steel well tempered ringing,  
Now seeking with more fatal art  
Breastplate or gorget's weaker part?  
How then, their broken shields down flinging,  
Each with both hands his sword high swinging,  
With doubled strength to deal the blow,  
As rivalry to fury grew—  
Fired by resistance heretofore  
Unknown,—on his unwonted foe

Either impetuously flew?  
Enough to say, the combat o'er,  
Vanquished by good Sordello's might  
Lay Leonello, erst unconquered Knight.

## XV.

Then, wrath and rivalry unfelt,  
The victor by the vanquished knelt;  
Gorget and helm with anxious care  
Unloosed, and raised his drooping head  
To breath the genial healing air:  
And when his opening eye's faint gleam  
Showed the return of life and sense,  
In menace, in fierce anger's stead,  
With knightly poet's confidence,  
He asked and proffered friendship and esteem.

## XVI.

Sullenly Leonello hears,  
And from the earth uprises slow,  
Whilst loathsome life itself appears  
In presence of triumphant foe.

But on Sordello's open brow  
And kindly, genius-beaming eye  
He gazed, till touched with sympathy,  
Frankly he grasped his offered hand ;  
Nor hesitated to avow  
His mightier rival's mastery,  
Yielding himself a prisoner to his brand.

## XVII.

Sordello, whose high soul disdained  
Conquest by thought of int'rest stained,  
Again his hand in friendship gave,  
Nor ransom took from foe so brave.  
But courteously that foe besought  
That to Apulia's warlike king,  
For challenge with such honour fraught,  
Proving a monarch's estimation  
Of minstrel-knight of distant nation,  
His thanks he would with reverence bring :  
Next to French Louis' far-famed court  
His steps he prayed him to address ;  
There, of the royal graciousness

That deigned Sordello's aid to seek,  
A warrior's sense he bade him speak,—  
Their recent battle then report,  
And say, that since the sovereign will  
Of Ezzelino, his liege lord,  
Bound as a vassal to fulfil,  
He might not on the king attend,  
The proudest trophy of his sword,  
In token of his gratitude,  
He had presumed instead to send:  
A knight whose worth with sword and shield,  
In every service of the field  
Himself had proved in friendly feud,  
The stoutest foe whom ever yet  
In mortal fight or tourney he had met.

## XVIII.

Friendship and brotherhood they vowed,  
Then parted; one of his defeat  
To bear the story, one to meet  
The honours paid by all to minstrel heav'n-  
endowed.



## XIX.

Soon under the embattled gate,  
Guarding Verona's lofty tow'rs,  
Sordello halts in warrior state;  
His harp, of sad or social hours  
Partner alike, his train convey  
Careful along the toilsome way.  
His name required and giv'n, the sound  
Echoes from mouth to mouth around,  
With acclamations gladsome, high;  
Ladies embroidered kerchiefs wave,  
Whilst soldier, burgher, noble, slave,  
"Welcome, Sordello, welcome!" cry.  
Triumphantly the joyous crowd  
Conduct him to the palace fair,  
Where hold their court the princely pair  
Of brothers—Ezzelino proud,  
And Alberico, fiercest knight  
That ever mowed down enemy in fight.

## XX.

Sordello's often-shouted name  
Announced his presence ere he came

Near to the palace walls :  
The brothers heard the clamour near  
With smiles, half pleasure and half fear ;  
But when he trod their halls,  
They doffed their pride of sovereignty  
To greet the poet courteously.  
The haughty Ezzelino said,  
He thanked him that he had obeyed  
His summons with such prompt compliance ;  
Whilst mightiest monarchs, they who swayed  
Naples and France, frowning defiance  
To whoso durst their power disown,  
Each as a gem to grace his throne,  
The famed Sordello sought to gain,  
But disappointed, sought in vain.  
The Bard in chosen words though few,  
Professed the faith, th' allegiance true,  
From loyal vassal to his sovereign due.

## XXI.

Henceforth who in Verona's voice,  
Who in the favour of her lord,  
Who midst the headiest madd'ning fight,  
Or at the thoughtful council-board—

With the renowned Sordello vies?  
Or who, in season of delight,  
Like him, can bid the heart rejoice?  
Who with such high resistless might  
Of spirit-stirring lay and lyre,  
Can even men of peace excite,  
Until reflected in their eyes  
Blazes the Warrior-Poet's fire,  
And to the battle recklessly  
They rush, with life to purchase victory?

## XXII.

Firm fixed in this his envied station  
Complacently Sordello stood;  
Nor to depress his exultation  
Did e'er prophetic dread intrude  
Of aught might touch the freedom of his  
mood.

# **SORDELLO.**

## **CANTO II.**

### **THE WOOING.**

#### **I.**

BUT who at Ezzelino's side  
 Moves with that port of Juno pride?  
 Whose that clear brow, that radiant eye,  
 In every speaking glance revealing  
 The spirit's inborn majesty,  
 The consciousness of merit high,  
 And deep intensity of feeling?—  
 'Tis she—it is Cuniza fair,  
 The cherished sister of the princely pair.

## II.

Sordello's fascinated gaze  
Dwelt on the maiden in amaze ;  
His holiest, sweetest minstrel dream  
Had never to his raptured sight  
Shewn aught so exquisitely bright ;  
And justly might the Poet deem  
The purest daughter of the skies  
Flitted across his dazzled eyes,  
By golden Venus or the Boy-God sent ;  
Their triumph, of his pride the cure and punishment.

## III.

Forgotten all the cold disdain  
That reprobated love's soft strain,  
Sordello learned to know  
The lover's thousand jealous fears,  
His pillow wet with midnight tears,  
His bosom's fevered glow ;  
The wild desires, each other crossing,  
That now despondently impel  
To shun an object loved too well

Then—whilst he pines in solitude  
In pangs of jealous madness tossing,  
And picturing in frantic mood  
Each moment of his absence given  
Some bolder rival's suit to grace,—  
Upbraid the folly that has driven  
His steps from that late irksome place  
Where yet he saw his lady's face;  
Where, if too timid passion sealed  
His lips, her every word he knew;  
Where every glance she round her threw  
Was to his watchful eye revealed;  
And upon him if light that glance,  
His sharpest pangs can but its joys enhance.

## IV.

So pass Sordello's moments now,  
And overpaid he deems his pain  
If from Cuniza he obtain  
A word of passing courtesy;  
But if in gracious act she bow,  
And of the minstrel ask a lay  
To speed the lagging hours away,

And listen with approving eye,  
And smile upon him as he sings,  
The raptured poet had not given  
The joy that in his bosom springs,  
For all that sainted thoughts can shape of heaven !

## v.

Thus long Sordello inly pined,  
To passion's tyranny resigned,  
Still burying in his inmost heart  
Wishes he trembled to impart.  
But when he dared his love avow  
Scorn sat upon Cuniza's brow ;  
She asked, " Is this the bard whose lyre  
Was ne'er profaned by woman's charms—  
By love's complaints and soft alarms ?  
Who boasts that his poetic fire  
A nobler subject must inspire,  
Than aught the love-lorn heart that wrings,  
Than aught enamoured minstrel sings ?  
Believes he if he condescend  
To whisper an impassioned tale,  
His daring wish must straight prevail,  
Straight maiden dignity to softness bend ?"

## VI.

Sordello drooped not in despair,  
But urged his suit with many a pray'r;  
And many a gentle lay of love  
He framed, her stubbornness to move.  
Her praises on his harp still rang,  
Her all-surpassing form he sang;  
He sang the very pride of heart  
That caused his bosom's deadliest smart.  
Patiently sad her taunts he heard,  
Her indignation just he owned,  
Imploring her with humblest word  
Errors abjured no more to chide,  
Nor heap fresh chastisements on pride  
Long quelled, repented, and atoned.  
The air beneath his fingers rose  
Which vaunted erst in gladsome strain  
Poesy's generous disdain  
Of lovers' idle joys and woes.  
But altered sentiments bespoke  
Th' impassioned numbers from his lips that  
broke.



## VII.

## SONG.

With follies and errors gone by,  
Oh lady! reproach me no more,  
Nor avert thy contemptuous eye  
From thy passionate, sad Troubadour!

What though in mine ignorant pride  
I refused lovely woman to praise,  
Of her eyes though the pow'r I defied,  
And scoffed at all amorous lays?

Though I said on so worthless a strain  
Who the treasures of fancy would pour  
Must ever be viewed with disdain  
By the genius-endowed Troubadour?

My folly such boastings may prove,  
But never thine anger excite;  
Then I knew not the empire of love—  
Thy beauties had ne'er blessed my sight.

Those beauties no sooner I viewed,  
Than my boasting, my folly were o'er;  
Unresistingly, gladly, subdued  
Was the haughty, the free Troubadour.

## VIII.

## SONG CONTINUED.

Had maidens of lowlier fame  
Awakened my heart or my lyre,  
'Twere disgrace to Cuniza's proud name  
To share in so vulgar a fire.

But the lyre that devoted its art  
To science and virtue's high lore;  
But the valour and genius-wrapt heart  
Of the haughty, inspired Troubadour;

These are conquests, oh lady, may grace  
With new trophies e'en beauties like thine,  
And proclaim to a yet unborn race  
Thy charms, thy perfections divine!

Then, with errors and follies gone by,  
Oh lady, reproach me no more;  
Nor avert a contemptuous eye  
From thy passionate, sad Troubadour!

## IX.

Listens she still with maiden scorn  
To lays of genuine passion born,  
To love the flowers of poesy adorn?  
Or do they gentler feelings speak,  
The changeful blushes on her cheek?  
And that attempered brilliancy  
Veiling the quickened flashes of her eye?

## X.

Never believe that maiden breast,  
By tender dreams yet unpossessed,  
Unmoved could hear the words of fire  
A bard's impassioned thoughts inspire!  
Unmoved could see the laurel wreath  
Gracing the poet's, hero's brow,  
Her beauty's triumph to avow  
In homage laid her foot beneath,  
That triumph to all ages to attest!

## XI.

Cuniza's virgin pride was quelled,—  
Her heart with soft-emotions swelled;—  
She loved, and to her lover's sighs  
Her sighs returned an echo faint;  
And when he whispered a complaint,  
That Fate had fixed the destinies  
Of humble Knight and princely Fair  
So wide, so fearfully apart,  
As needs must doom the boldest heart  
That loved so madly to despair;  
A tear-drop glistened in her eye,  
Or dewed her cheek's deep blushes, while  
Played round her lips a dimpling smile,  
And half she murmured in reply,  
"A Troubadour unmatched in fame,  
A Knight of Knights, the first confessed,  
The noblest maiden's love may claim,  
His bold pretensions so bold deeds attest!"

## XII.

The princess' pride, the maiden's shame,  
Her voice in viewless fetters bound,  
Scarce from her lips escaped a sound ;

Scarcely his ear her accents heard,  
But every promise-breathing word,  
As if from heart to heart it came,  
His inmost soul and spirit caught,  
And thrilled with joy so wildly high,  
So rapturous in its ecstasy,  
As lives, perchance, but in the poet's thought.

## XIII.

Beneath Cuniza's window now,  
With hat deep shadowing his brow,  
And mantle folded closely round,  
The Troubadour, at midnight straying,  
Whispers in soul-entrancing strains  
The lover's trembling joys and pains.  
The musically witching sound  
Our nature's sweetest thoughts portraying,  
The maiden, as with half-closed eyes  
Upon her silken couch she lies,  
Eagerly drinks with wakeful ear,  
Yielding her fancy to its spell :  
And when the lay is hushed to rest,  
And slumber sinks upon her breast,

In visions, scarce than truth less dear,  
Still hears those notes harmonious swell,  
Wafting, as her own spirit pure,  
The glowing homage of her Troubadour.

## XIV.

Now bolder, or more tender grown,  
A careless robe around her thrown,  
She quits her bed with stealthy pace,  
And near her close-shut casement stands.  
Next, with uncertain trembling hands,  
She opens half a finger's space,  
And listens,—breathless, lest her lover  
Should all his influence discover,  
And shrinking, ev'n from darkness hides her  
crims'ning face.

## XV.

Reaped her precaution full success,  
Cheating the lover's watchfulness?  
Forgotten or unknown is love  
By him such question who can move!

He knows not what deep sympathy  
In passion-kindled souls resides,  
Unneeding help of ear or eye  
To learn what pride or prudence hides !  
Or what confused emotion flushes  
The virgin's cheek with rosiest blushes,  
When scarce she wishes to conceal  
What most she trembles to reveal !  
The throbbings of Sordello's heart  
Cuniza's stolen approach impart ;  
He feels her casement soft unclose ;  
Strains more impetuous now he pours,  
And earnestly a word implores,  
To soothe, to recompense his bosom's woes.

## XVI.

With lips firm-sealed, in cautious guise,  
Long, silently she hears the prayer ;  
Then, pitying, would forbid depair ;—  
But speech her choking voice denies.  
Till after many a conflict tried  
Love undisputed sovereign reigns,  
And maiden fears, and princely pride,  
Grace, as of yore, the victory he gains.

## XVII.

Now from her window nightly bending,  
To every fond complaint attending,  
And answering in as fond a mood,  
She says, the triumphs of his sword  
From Lombardy's imperious lord  
Shall win such boundless gratitude,  
Her hand a trifling boon shall seem  
In guerdon of desert so high ;  
And, till that blissful day shall gleam,  
Patient she bids him wait, and on her faith rely.

## XVIII.

Thus talked the lovers through the night,  
Hating the moon's officious light,  
Their bosomed mysteries, perchance,  
That might reveal to hostile glance.  
Alas ! too sure that treacherous ray  
Shall to far other eyes betray  
The princely virgin's conscious blush,  
Upon the lover's cheek th' impassioned flush.



## XIX.

Proud Ezzelin, in height of power,  
Suffers, at midnight's silent hour,  
The swarm of shapeless maddening fears  
That, round the lawless sceptre clinging,  
The tyrant's soul are ever wringing  
With pangs half expiating ev'n slav'ry's tears.

## XX.

Oft from his sleepless couch he hies,  
Hurrying abroad in close disguise,  
When such wild terrors rack his breast,  
When self-created agonies molest,  
Imaginary foes he seeks,—  
Imaginary vengeance wreaks  
On the unknown destroyers of his rest.  
Each murmur of the passing breeze  
Seems laden with conspiracies;—  
More anxiously he prowls around;  
When, hark!—a whisper meets his ear,—  
With breath suppressed he ventures near.  
Oh, marked the lovers that ill-boding sound!

## XXI.

The lovers ? What should lovers know  
Of all th' unloving world can show ?  
Of aught beyond their passion's glow ?  
They see each other's beaming eye,  
They hear each other's melting sigh ;  
And how could earth or heaven repay  
A thought stol'n from such thoughts away ?  
Still, still his passion, and his pains,  
Impetuous pleads the ardent youth ;  
With vows of everlasting truth  
Still the fond maid his suit restrains.  
Thus commune they, heedless of all  
Save their own bosoms' deep emotion ;  
But yet, so soft their accents fall,  
The listener, tossed upon the ocean  
Of tyranny's innate alarms,  
Cannot a single word discern,  
Howe'er he strain each sense to learn  
What unknown ills impend, foreign or civil arms.

## XXII.

But now, withdrawn her veil of clouds,  
The moon, serenely, coldly bright,  
Pours down a flood of silver light,  
On mysteries kinder darkness shrouds.  
Upon the virgin's brow of snow,  
—As from her casement bending low  
She meets, in fancy, love's embrace—  
With treacherous caress it streams,  
In her eye's liquid lustre gleams,  
Heightening each charm with mystic grace.  
And he, on that love-beaming form,  
Whilst heedless of th' impending storm,  
Heedless of caution and disguise,  
He looks with fascinated eyes;  
The hat, his features that concealed,  
Unnoticed falls, and in the rays  
Which thus, unhopd for, to his gaze  
Her melting tenderness and beauties yield,—  
The minstrel, warrior, lover, stands revealed.

## XXIII.

Behind a jutting buttress' shade,  
Unseen, the Lombard tyrant stood,  
Contemplating in ruthless mood  
The daring knight and princely maid.  
True, the discovery relieved  
Those terrors which his spirit grieved;  
But on his stern ambitious breast  
Pangs new and bitterer impressed.  
Whilst now his nature's vengeful ire  
Glared in his eye's portentous fire,  
Whilst darker yet his dark cheek grew,  
His dagger's hilt his right hand sought;—  
Then lingered, as officious thought  
Through many a cherished project flew  
Of conquest stretching wide, that, never  
Forgotten, in his bosom lay,  
Secretly brooding into life and day,  
Promising power and fame, such as endure for  
ever.

## XXIV.

He on that warrior's skill relied  
His troops in battle-field to guide,

And realize his dreams of pride.  
He trusted to that maiden's charms  
The friendship of such foes to gain,  
As heard his threatenings with disdain,  
As mocked the efforts of his arms.  
What should he do? The maid's disgrace  
Must taint the honour of her race:—  
The warrior's death could scarce atone,  
Never redeem Romano's shame;  
'Twould rather to the world proclaim  
Dishonour yet to all unknown;—  
And half his loftiest schemes were by such deaths  
o'erthrown.

## XXV.

Wrapt in dark musings, and perplexed,  
Since bloodshed offered no relief  
Of evils which his spirit vexed,  
Unmarked he left the luckless pair,  
And sought a partner of his grief;  
Waking his brother Alberic to share  
As erst the pomp of empire's care.

**SORDELLO.****CANTO III.****ITALIAN POLICY.****I.**

**HARDLY** the morning's twilight grey  
Awakes the world to life and day,  
Ere, seated in their council-hall,  
The brothers for Sordello call.  
They say, at last has dawned the hour  
In which to prove his valour's pow'r  
His Prince's gratitude to gain;  
And trifling ev'n his high renown  
Compared to that the Conqueror's brow shall crown  
Who Lombardy compels to own Romano's reign.

## II.

Whilst listening, in Sordello's eyes  
Lightens the spirit of emprise;  
And with undaunted valour's fires  
Genius' proud consciousness conspires  
To raise his heart on Hope's gay buoyancy:  
He sees in many a conquered land  
The promise of Cuniza's hand,  
And happiness, the meed of victory.

## III.

In honour of those vent'rous knights  
Who on the holy rood have sworn  
To war for Ezzelino's rights,  
Their guidance to Sordel to yield,  
And 'neath his banner for the field  
To quit Verona with the morn,—  
The board a splendid banquet crowned;  
And now the Princes asked a lay  
To celebrate the fateful day.  
Sordello struck a martial air,  
And kindling at the well-known sound

With battle's animation fraught,  
Reviving each love-faded thought,  
He glanced upon his lady fair,  
Then sang in strains to wake the dead  
The Hero's course of toil and dread,  
The triumphs by that course achieved,  
The tyrant quelled, th' oppressed relieved  
And victory living in his name !  
Sang, too, the god-like recompense  
Which power and beauty's grateful sense,  
Delightedly, the hero's meed proclaim !

## IV.

With head declined upon her hand,  
Shading her swimming, downcast eyes,  
Cuniza listens tremblingly ;  
But as in accents of command  
The swelling numbers loftier rise,  
Her bosom throbs in sympathy.  
The blood that rushes to her cheeks  
First answ'ring, confidence bespeaks ;  
Then from her hand her head she raises,



And mingled modesty and pride  
Beam in her look whilst round she gazes,  
As love that would no longer be denied,  
Asked boldly who like him deserved a Princely bride.

## v.

Alas! the haughty brothers knew  
The meaning of that changeful hue!  
The meaning of Sordello's song.  
A look they changed, then turned away,  
Cautious lest ev'n that look betray  
To either victim the intended wrong.

## vi.

By minstrel skill, winged with delight,  
The festal minutes swiftly flew;  
And now the evening's mellow hue  
Fading, gave place to murky night,  
Whose darkness overshadowed heaven,  
And brought the hours to mortals given  
For sweet oblivion of their woes.  
—But not Verona's such repose

Through all her streets incessant rang  
The forge's blast, the hammer's clang,  
And all portentous sounds of fear  
Announcing battle's horrors near.  
Not such the night beneath whose friendly veil  
The secret lover breathes his tender tale.

## VII.

The trumpet's clarion notes of war  
Hailed the first gleam of dawning day,  
And flung the sun his earliest ray  
On pennon, banner, streaming far;  
On floating plume, on glitt'ring crest,  
On mail and armour burnished bright,  
Now dazzling in the golden light;  
On shield where skilful heraldry  
The bearer's honours had expressed;  
On lances quivering on high,  
On swords athirst for bloody deeds;  
On fiery, battle-snorting steeds,  
That champed the bit, and spurned the ground,  
And neighed in animating sound,  
And flung a foamy snow around.

## VIII.

But not alone upon the gallant show,—  
Gay harbinger to scenes of wounds and death,  
Of human energy and human woe—  
The rising sun his yellow radiance shed.  
Adding new sweetness to the morning's breath,  
Verona's maidens, blushing rosy red,  
Verona's wives and mothers, sad and pale,  
From casement, battlement, and city wall,  
Incessant waving handkerchief or veil—  
Which oft relenting coyness would let fall—  
Looked down to grace the warriors as they past.  
And many a tearful eye to heaven was cast!  
Cuniza's self in princely state appeared;  
Where their majestic forms her brothers reared  
She stood, exalted o'er the subject crowd,  
And courteously to every warrior bowed.  
And checked his steed before the vision bright,  
And to the saddle bent his tow'ring plume each  
knight.

## IX.

Courteous she moved, but still her bow and smile  
Indifference, or wandering thoughts bespoke.

And now, past forth, that seeming endless file  
Stands close arrayed before Verona's gate.  
Then through her calmness quick emotions  
broke  
As rang *his* charger's tramp, for whom all wait.  
He comes Sordello comes, the Minstrel-Knight,  
Flashing from helm and mail intolerable light!

## x.

His unclosed visor showed an eye  
Where innate dauntless valour dwells,  
A forehead whose bold outline tells  
Of thought far-reaching, genius high.  
Obedient to the rider's hand,  
Before the Princes' lofty stand  
The charger stayed his fierce career;  
The rider at Cuniza's feet  
Bowed low, then stately in his seat  
Waited, as though a kind farewell to hear.

## xi.

Whilst mute she sat in maiden dread,  
Cheerily Ezzelino said,

“Farewell, my gallant champion ! Go,  
Deal swift destruction on the foe ;  
Speed thy return, and with thee bring  
Such victory as no muse save thine may sing !”

## XII.

The sovereign spoke—the warrior bent  
Gratefully to the compliment ;  
But lingered still as loth to part.  
Then from her neck Cuniza took  
A jewelled cross, and with a look  
Than words more sure to reach the heart,  
She said, “ Upon the field of fame,  
Wear this in honour of Cuniza’s name !”

## XIII.

The warrior’s soul beamed from his eye ;  
His lips unclosed not to reply—  
The jewel on his helm he bound,  
Bowed lowly, wheeled his charger round,  
And sudden in the leader’s post  
The greetings of his little host

With martial courtesy repaid.  
An instant he the troop surveyed,  
Then gave the word to march. The eager  
band  
Sprang forward to obey the wished command :  
A minute's space, and in that late thronged  
plain  
Of war's proud pageantry no vestiges remain !

## XIV.

Little the Princes seemed to heed  
Cuniza's unreflecting deed ;  
And she, her rashness who had rued  
Ev'n whilst her lover's gratitude  
Gladdened her heart, those fears allayed,  
Her feelings unsuspected deemed ;  
And sometimes yet more fondly dreamed  
Her brothers judged Sordello's aid  
Were by their sister's hand not overpaid.

## XV.

Not long were suffered hopes like these  
The pangs of absence to appease.

A suitor Ezzelino brought,  
And in those accents of command  
Which, even in her secret thought,  
A virgin trembles to withstand,  
He bade her with accepting smiles  
San Bonifacio's Count receive,  
Nor maiden coyness, female wiles  
Amidst state interests dare to interweave.

## XVI.

San Bonifacio's ruler came ;  
A lord whose wide extended power  
Was owned by many a town and tower,  
By armies marshalled in his name.  
But ah ! not his that warrior fire  
Which maidens tremblingly admire !  
In the dark furrows of his brow,  
In the veiled gleamings of his eye,  
Lurked but the crafty policy,  
Degenerate Italy, which thou,  
Forgetful of the ancient Roman name,  
Dar'st boast thine odious substitute for fame.

## XVII.

But to the sad Cuniza's breast  
By one unchanging thought possessed,  
Of what importance whether fair  
As budding virgin's May-morn dream,  
Or foul as painter's demon theme ?  
To her the name of wooer brings despair.  
San Bonifacio's hated suit  
With fading colour, trembling, mute,  
Like sentenced criminal she hears ;  
Then clasps her frowning brother's knees,  
And strives his anger to appease,  
And weeps a flood of unavailing tears.

## XVIII.

Ah ! little shews that sullen look,  
Which scarce a pleading glance can brook,  
Of sympathy with maiden woes !  
Now desperate grown, she lifts her eye  
Glistening with tearful energy,  
And soft her coral lips uncloze



Sordello's treasured name to speak,  
Her love, her plighted faith to tell;  
While blushes dawning on her cheek  
Betray the purposes that inly swell.

## XIX.

Stern Ezzelino understood  
And checked her rising confidence.  
"No offspring of Romano's blood,"  
He said, "dares our proud eminence  
With passions of unworthy strain,  
Or grov'ling sentiments profane.  
Let maidens doomed to die unknown  
Dream of fond sighs and idle fires,  
Of homebred pleasures, base desires!  
Cuniza, born to grace a throne,  
To share Romano's toils for fame  
And pow'r o'er Italy extending,  
To leave behind a splendid name  
Of either sex the honours blending,—  
From her exalted destiny  
Cuniza shrinks not cowardly!

Listening to tale of guilty love,  
Which sovereign vengeance would invite  
On him who, braving sovereign might,  
Durst earth-born wishes to a princess move."

## XX.

Cuniza hears—Love's blushes fly,  
Leaving her cheek as marble pale ;  
A gathering mist obscures her eye,  
Her hopes and resolution fail.  
Impending o'er Sordello's head  
The murd'rer's blade she ever views,  
And shudd'ring yields her soul to dread  
That all its energy subdues.  
And if at times her lips uncloze  
To her loathed bridegroom to impart  
The plighted faith, the love-lorn woes,  
That inwardly corrode her heart,  
Upon her wan, averted face  
Impressing legibly their trace,  
Dark Ezzelino's frown beheld  
Resolve, and hope, and courage quelled ;

Whilst horrid images of death,  
Of mangled limbs, of curdling gore,  
Her lover murdered by her rash confession,  
Her kindred steeped in blood for evermore,  
Press on her spirit—faint she gasps for breath,  
And on her quivering lip dies the half-formed  
expression.

## XXI.

Alas! with every passing day  
She feels her purposed strength decay.  
If now the thought her spirit madden,  
That to Sordello she must seem  
Weak, false, unworthy love, esteem ;—  
Soon loftier emotions rise,  
Soothing her, even whilst they sadden.  
“ Be mine the bitterest sacrifice,  
So of my gallant Troubadour  
I thus the threatened life assure!  
So he but live, 'neath other ill  
My constancy shall never quail.  
His proud career let him fulfil!  
And of his glory shall the tale,

Shine with joy's sunbeam on my tears,  
As heav'n's own bow the world's despondence  
cheers !"

## XXII.

Then at the altar's foot she prayed  
The taintless Virgin-Mother's aid.  
Yet, ev'n mid resignation's sighs,  
Murmured with wistful glance around,  
" Oh ! came, Sordello, conquest-crowned,  
To claim my hand, his vict'ry's destined prize !"

## XXIII.

Sordello came not—but the nuptial morn  
Dawned fearfully upon the wretched bride,  
Whose deep despair idly her kindred's pride  
With gorgeous trappings labours to adorn.  
The rites are solemnized.—Cuniza now,  
Although her palsied lip pronounced no vow,  
Is hailed San Bonifacio's wedded wife.  
Corse-like upon the altar's step she falls—  
And hours elapse ere leech-craft's aid recalls  
The victim to her sense of grief and life.

—All, all is o'er !—Resistance now were vain,  
Or guilt or misery alone remain !  
Resignedly Cuniza yields to fate,  
A melancholy, meek, and still submissive mate.

## SORDELLO.

## CANTO IV.

## THE ITALIAN BROTHERS.

## I.

WHILE thus the hand of tyrant pow'r  
Sordello's dearest hopes destroys,  
He for that pow'r his arm employs.  
In many a hot and trying hour  
He battles with his prince's foes;  
The Lombards to submit constrains;  
Till wheresoe'er the Po majestic flows,  
Romano sole and undisputed sovereign reigns.

## II.

But when amidst his warrior deeds  
He hears the story of his wrongs,  
That he, in whose behoof he bleeds,  
Has snatched away his labour's prize,  
Blazes wild fury in his eyes,  
Such fury as to Southern clime belongs!

## III.

That trusty blade he half unsheathes,  
Whose lightning flash of victory  
Striking his enemies with dread,  
Gave Fzzelin supremacy;  
Proudly he raises eye and head,  
And those tremendous words half breathes  
Which human lips can ne'er revoke;—  
Words, turning delegated might  
In lawlessly revengeful fight  
'Gainst him whose trust erst loyal fervour  
    woke,  
Whose inj'ries since all ties of loyal duty  
    broke.

## IV.

But feelings of a loftier tone,  
Purer from dross—such as the Muse  
Is wont in spirits all her own  
By holy breathings to infuse,—  
Succeed ; he drops the half-drawn brand,  
Upon the ensigns of command  
Gazes a moment earnestly,  
And sighs, “ Let Ezzelin at will  
The measure of oppression fill,  
Till earth disclaim his tyranny !  
A vow, however rashly spoken,  
Ne’er by Sordello may be broken ;  
Though wrung his soul by princely guilt  
His wrongs shall never plunge the soil  
In horrors of domestic broil ;  
And never by his hand be spilt  
One drop, albeit degenerate,  
Akin to that celestial tide  
Upon Cuniza’s cheek that dyed  
The tint of feelings passionate,  
As tender, generous, and purified !”



## V.

He said, then sighing turned away,  
And bade his fav'rite steed be brought;  
Sprang to his seat, the bridle caught,  
And called the page wont to convey  
The harp, to whose responsive strings  
His sorrows, as his joys, he sings,  
Till the harmonious sweet complaint,  
Tempered with gentler images  
That even whilst afflicting please,  
Assuages griefs it fails to paint!  
Quitting Romano's proud array  
Thus took the Troubadour his lonely way.

## VI.

Little it would avail to tell  
What several countries, far and wide,  
The Troubadour, whilst grief and pride  
Alternately his bosom swell,  
Traversed; or how in every clime  
Monarchs implored his warrior aid;  
Or how proud dame, and blooming maid,  
Whose blushing smiles betrayed such fires

As knight or minstrel best inspires,  
Enchanted, hung upon his rhyme.  
But firmly in Sordello's heart  
Cuniza's love and beauty reign,  
And still licentious passion's dart  
Assails their hallowing influence in vain.  
He fought, he conquered, and he sung,  
Admired, beloved, alike by old and young;—  
No more his travel yields to Fame's unwearying  
tongue.

## VII.

Still less avails it to relate  
Cuniza's melancholy fate;  
How, a reluctant, wretched bride,  
She in her gilded nuptial bow'r  
Lamented, wept her natal hour,  
Her fatal beauty, and her race's pride.

## VIII.

The mourner wept away her life—  
A cheerless, uncomplaining wife,

Whose faded cheek and heavy eye  
Revealed her sorrow's mystery.  
But to this mild affliction, calm, resigned,  
Succeed tempestuous griefs that desolate the  
mind.

## IX.

High spirits, whose ambitious mood  
Aims at unbounded sov'reignty,  
Howe'er their views and hopes agree,  
Remotely whilst their schemes they brood,  
Illusive friendship hold not long ;  
When in their selfish bosoms wake  
Contending int'rests' sep'rate force,  
Pointing to each a sep'rate course,  
Soon discord snaps th' unstable chain of wrong,  
Their lawless union, then, they lawlessly for-  
sake.

## X.

San Bonifacio's angry pride  
His cautious prudence scarce could still,  
Whilst suffering Ezzelino's will  
His wars and policies to guide.

And haughty Ezzelin esteemed  
His new-made brother's cold compliance,  
Ingratitude for an alliance  
Which mightier lords had honour deemed;  
Which sacrificed Romano's flower  
To pine and wither in his nuptial bower.

## XI.

Now Ezzelin impatient claims  
His kinsman's covenanted aid,  
For ever promised and delayed!  
As fierce San Bonifacio blames  
Romano's arrogant demand,  
That showed as he no difference knew  
Twixt succour from a vassal due  
Or freely giv'n by friendship's hand.  
Each day these angry broils' increase,  
Lessened Cuniza's mournful peace;  
Whilst ev'ry day of discontent  
Their anger with fresh aliment  
Nourished; and on Cuniza's head  
The vengeful wrath her husband fed,  
With ever-growing bitterness found vent.

## XII.

In Ezzelino's rugged breast  
Few sympathies of nature dwelt;  
But what small kindliness he felt  
Was for the sister he oppressed;  
Whose charms with brother's pride he viewed,  
Whose gentle influence unconfessed  
Had often soothed his stubborn mood.  
His enmity he might not brave  
Who held, firm clutched in iron grasp,  
Her, whom deceived ambition gave  
By wedlock interest's bond to clasp.  
But passion, bridled thus not cooled,  
With more exasperation ruled;  
As rankles in the fevered veins  
The venom drop from serpent's tooth that  
drains.

## XIII.

The brothers in their hall of state  
San Bonifacio's answer wait  
To their last call for martial aid.  
Young Alberico, fiery-souled,

Around the hall impatient striding,  
Oft rattles in its sheath his blade;  
Whilst Ezzelin, of sterner mould,  
Sits motionless, th' event abiding.  
The messenger before them stands;  
His tale;—At Ezzelin's commands,  
San Bonifacio will not lead  
To battle-field his gallant bands,  
There, victims of intemperate schemes,  
Offspring of wild ambition's dreams,  
For interests, alien to their hearts, to bleed.

## XIV.

Dark flushed Romano's brow of pride,  
And curled his lip in high disdain;  
Fixedly Alberic he eyed  
His bursting anger to restrain;  
Then to the trembling messenger  
He gave a massive golden chain  
From his own neck. "Receive thy due;  
Thy master's folly, 'tis not thine,  
To urge, to hinder, or to rue;  
Nor, my sweet sister's consort, mine,  
To punish, howsoe'er he err."

With scornful smile his head he bent,  
Waving his hand, dismissal's sign;  
And idly, as on other thoughts intent,  
Watched the glad messenger as thankful he  
withdrew.

## xv.

On Ezzelino's marble face  
That scornful smile still held its place  
When, to his brother turned his head,  
He coldly, sternly, slowly said,  
"So this presumptuous Lombard lord  
Dares to provoke Romano's arms,  
For, weakly trusting to his word,  
We lavished upon him our sister's charms!"

## xvi.

Alberic, who with boiling blood  
Had chafing in impatience stood,  
Quick turned upon his brother now,  
Whilst anger, with encrimsoned dye,  
Painted his cheek, his lofty brow,  
And blazed in lightning from his eye.

“ And shall the paltry Lombard dare  
Thus to defy Romano’s power,  
Because, in inauspicious hour,  
With promises as false as fair,  
He from our bosom stole a gem  
Might grace a monarch’s diadem?  
How fervently the caitiff prayed,  
How high and solemnly he swore,  
Might he but wed Romano’s maid  
His wishes could no higher soar!  
Ambition dwelt not in his breast;  
But, with Cuniza’s beauties blest,  
To see all Lombardy obey  
The brothers of his princely bride  
Were both his interest and his pride;  
Kinsman and vassal he, to profit by our sway!”

## XVII.

More coldly scornful grew the smile  
On Ezzelino’s features, while  
He marked his brother’s rage, and said;  
“ Yet scarce that beauteous bride obtained,



His bridal bower the bridegroom flies  
For wanton, meretricious ties;  
Dismissed all salutary dread,  
Romano's sister sees herself disdained!"

## XVIII.

"His falsehood, his ingratitude,"  
Cried Alberic, "he shall atone!  
His towns and castles overthrown,  
His lands and signiory subdued  
He at Cuniza's feet  
Shall pity and forgiveness ask,  
Contempt and scorn to meet."  
"Think'st thou," said Ezzelin, "her life  
Were spared mid such fraternal strife,  
Thy victory to greet?  
Till from her shackles she is freed,  
Of friendship we must wear the mask;  
Her rescue is no easy task,  
But rescued she shall be, and by Sordello's  
deed."

## XIX.

In accents of resolve he spoke:  
And, guided by the voice of Fame,  
—For ever busied to proclaim  
Sordello's praise, whether he woke  
Responsive to his song the string,  
Or wrought, what only he might sing,—  
Thither, where blaze of knightly deeds,  
And minstrelsy, his presence tell,  
Eagerly Ezzelino speeds  
Heralds and knights in embassy,  
Who solemnly adjure Sordell  
His plighted vow of loyalty  
Now to redeem, to his wronged lord  
His pow'rful succour to afford,  
And from the perils round that lower  
Rescue Romano's lovely, blighted flower.

## XX.

Remembered, then, Sordello aught  
That erst in his resentful thought  
Had almost to rebellion wrought?

Borne upon passion's buoyant wing,  
Thither where yet his wishes cling  
He flies, his utmost aid to yield.  
"Give me again to rule the fight,  
Again Romano's powers to wield  
In vindication of thy right,  
My prince,— and with the tempest's might  
We'll force the tyrant's every tower,  
We'll from his talons bear away  
His fraudulently gotten prey,  
Now wrongfully detained,—thy lovely, blighted  
flower."

## XXI.

Round Ezzelino's lips, the while,  
Played an inexplicable smile,  
Where mingling scorn and pity dwell;  
Then sternly calm his accents fell.  
"Thy prowess may his troops defeat,  
May chase him to his last retreat,  
Where, by thy threatening arms while pressed,  
Plunged deeply in my sister's breast,  
San Bonifacio's vengeful blade  
May baffling mock our ineffective aid."

## XXII.

Dark clouds Sordello's brow o'erspread  
Such as the noontide sun obscure ;  
He sighed, and falteringly said :  
" If valour, backed by numbers, fail,  
Oh, how may human strength avail ?  
Her menaced safety how—oh, how assure ?"

## XXIII.

Romano smiled : " Only thy hands  
May snatch the victim from her fate.  
To Troubadour still open stands  
The veriest tyrant's castle gate ;  
And noblest, chastest ladies' hearts,  
The Troubadour's bewitching arts  
Have but too often ruled at will.  
Thine then the office ! Quick resort  
To this false, dreaded kinsman's court ;  
Spell-bind the dragon by thy skill,  
Then, to his now defenceless prey  
Reveal the dangers that impend ;  
Persuade her, as her brother's friend,  
—Her own, too, in youth's happier day—

For these her own paternal halls,  
To fly her tyrant's prison walls,  
Trust thee as guardian of her spotless fame,  
Nor doubt thy reverence for Romano's name."

## XXIV.

Then burst a half-unconscious sigh  
Deep from Sordello's throbbing breast,  
Whilst his quick flushing cheek confessed  
The rapture dancing in his eye.  
Bending he said "The Princess knows  
That on my vig'lance to maintain,  
Her honour pure from taint or stain,  
She may in full security repose."

## SORDELLO.

## CANTO V.

## THE MEETING.

## I.

HALF wasted to transparency,  
With tintless cheek and héavy eye,  
In proud San Bonifacio's court  
Cuniza graced the festive board,  
The shrine of revelry and sport.  
Seated beside her wedded lord,  
His looks she watches; when he quaffs  
The brimming bowl, and jesting laughs,  
She answers with a pensive smile;

And when his wanton glances round  
The table rove, to where abound  
Beauties, with meretricious wile  
Who would to lawless love beguile,  
Gently she turns her head aside,  
To knight or lady near, addressing  
Such courteous speech as best may hide  
Her knowledge of her lord's transgressing.  
But when upon his darkened brow  
The thickening gloom a storm portends,  
Each thought, each faculty she bends  
By arts that virtue may avow,  
Weak woman's heritage, to win  
Her consort's mind from cruelty and sin.

## II.

Thus sits she, striving midst her woes  
To execute conscientiously  
The painful duties that impose  
Ambition, force, and tyranny :  
When sudden through the banquet hall  
A loud and growing clamour rings,  
Subduing mirth, whilst wonder flings  
His spell of silence over all.

Mutely each guest erects his ear,  
And, bending, listens with strained sense  
To learn if it be violence  
Or but intemperate jollity draws near.

## III.

The castle gates are open thrown,  
And underneath their vault of stone,  
Attended by a shouting throng,  
Sordello and a gallant train,  
—Whose mixed and various shews explain  
Their leader equally in minstrel song,  
As in the tumult of the deadly fight  
Surpassingly renowned—reining their steeds,  
alight.

## IV.

Amazement, rapture, terror fell  
Resistless on Cuniza's soul ;  
She gazed till faintness o'er her stole :  
Whilst in the lover's bosom swell  
Conflicting passions—joy to prove  
By absence unimpaired her love,—



Anguish to see her thus subdued—  
Her ladies with decorous care  
That form of deathlike beauty bear  
Far from the rudely gazing multitude.

## v.

Sordello paused ;—with strenuous will  
He bade his throbbing heart be still ;  
Then bending rev'rently his head  
To her disdainful consort turned,  
And, whilst his spirit inly burned,  
Of foreign travel tired, he said,  
And foreign courts, his soul had yearned  
For his maternal Italy ;  
And now no more his lyre or brand  
A stranger's service should command,  
But, Lombard states and courts to see,  
He purposed journeying through his native  
land.

## vi.

To Ezzelino's Troubadour  
Coldly San Bonifacio bowed ;

But the surrounding vassal crowd  
Raised shouts his welcome that assure.  
Then sang the bard his boldest strains  
Of warrior-prowess, warrior-joy ;  
And loftier themes, such as employ,  
In hours no earth-born thought profanes,  
The Poet's soaring, glowing soul ;  
But marking many a heavy eye  
That showed a lack of sympathy,  
He from the empyrean height  
Of Poesy, depressed his flight,  
—While scarce he could his scorn repress—  
To sing the mirth-inspiring bowl.  
Then did all hearts his power confess,  
Then pealing plaudits bore on high  
Sordello's doubly-honoured name ;—  
Forgotten quite the fainting dame  
By all—save him whose praises rent the sky.

## VII.

The night her dusky hue has thrown  
O'er snow-crowned Alp and flowery plain ;  
Ev'n those dissensions hushed remain,  
With kindred blood and female moan,

Italy's lovely breast that wring ;  
Last sinks the voice of revelry,  
Erst startling eve's tranquillity,  
To slumber lulled 'neath darkness' brooding  
wing.

## VIII.

Again beneath Cuniza's bow'r  
Sordello stands at midnight hour,  
And softly bids his lyre awake  
Visions of earlier happier days ;  
Trembling, now lest his vent'rous lays  
Perchance her tyrant's rest should break,  
Now lest her virtuous pride refuse  
To blighted love those sad adieus  
Might soothe afflictions ne'er relieved.  
Yet oh ! could virtue's self deny  
To breathe one gentle parting sigh  
To love so constant, holy, pure,  
So wronged, so cruelly deceived ?  
To love in its despair doomed ever to endure !

## IX.

Thus now depressed, exulting now,  
He draws more deeply o'er his brow  
His ample bonnet's shadowy brim—  
Around his symmetry of limb  
In sheltering folds his mantle flings,  
And thus with voice subdued half whispering  
sings.

## X.

## SONG.

“Fairest, from thy pillow rise,  
Shake soft slumber from thine eyes,  
Listen to my plaintive ditty!  
Listen for that lady's sake  
In whose heart it once could wake  
Warmer sympathies than pity.  
Ne'er in purer virgin heart  
Trembled love's resistless dart!  
Listen for her sake with pity  
To her favoured Minstrel's ditty!”

## XI.

The Minstrel's words and voice expire,  
But still amidst the chords his finger  
Seems half unconsciously to linger,  
Drawing such music from his lyre  
As on Cuniza's wakeful ear  
With witchery delicious falls,  
And almost in Romano's halls  
She deems herself—till hope and fear,  
Remorse and joy, kindle such strife  
In the chaste temple of her breast,  
That, all deceptive bliss repressed,  
She sadly feels herself another's wife.

## XII.

Yet still she listens—e'en remorse and grief  
Find in the magic of that lyre relief;  
Entranced she dwells upon each cherished  
tone.  
When hark ! the Troubadour's deep voice again  
Rises in melody—a different strain !  
More timidly she hears music and verse un-  
known.

## XIII.

## SONG.

“ Fair star of my destiny, genially bright,  
That dawned on my hopes with illusory light,  
In my bosom enkindling ethereal fires,  
Ambition above a mere mortal’s desires,  
And a taste of such happiness, holy and dear,  
As ambition ne’er knew in his loftiest sphere!

“ Fair star of my fortunes! withdrawing the blaze  
That illumined my youth from thy beautiful rays,  
Why wouldst thou forsake me, benighted, oppressed  
By the spirits of evil that darkness infest,  
Despairing, bereft of hope, vigour, and breath,  
A desolate thrall in the shadow of death?

“ Fair star, though no longer propitious thou shine  
On the vot’ry who worships thy radiance divine,  
Though disdainful, enthroned in thy zenith on high,  
Mid the azure serene of a midsummer sky, [grace,  
While the moonbeams thy triumph complacently  
And the planets thy footsteps, while envying, trace:—

“Star of beauty, beware! nor the dangers despise  
On the spirit of prescience that fearfully rise!  
Eclipses, wild meteors, dire heralds of war,  
Heaven’s monsters, who Phaeton hurled from his  
car,  
All menace;—oh, fly to the sun’s golden ray!  
Remember one God rules o’er music and day!”

## XIV.

In that sweet dreamy ecstasy  
With which we hearken to the voice  
That wakens thrilling memory  
Of those delicious hours of youth  
When life and nature seemed, in sooth,  
With our own spirit to rejoice,—  
Languidly, though attentively,  
Cuniza lay, and to the song  
Delighted listened.—But, ere long,  
The strangeness of the mystic verse  
Startled her from her blissful trance,  
And half-uprising, with a glance  
That seemed the darkness to disperse,  
Of her embroidered, gorgeous bed

The silken curtains back she flung,  
And with anxiety intense  
And lovers' quick perceptive sense  
Eagerly forward stretched her head,  
To catch each word of pleasing dread,  
Each accent of that ne'er forgotten tongue.

## XV.

Then as the last sweet cadence fell,  
Impatient from her couch she rose,  
Hastened her lattice to unclose,  
And whispered falteringly, "Alas, Sordell!"

## XVI.

"Fairest and loveliest," he cried—  
But, interrupting him, she sighed,  
"No longer may I guiltless hear  
Those accents of a love too dear.  
Then, oh! forbear."—"Thyself forbear,  
Adored Cuniza! In debate  
Lavish not moments stol'n from Fate  
To warn thee of the ills impending;  
To tell thee how thy brothers' care  
O'er thee a guardian shield extending,



Commands me from the tyrant's pow'r,  
To whom in an unhappy hour  
They gave thy loveliness a prey,  
To snatch thee, and to their fraternal hearts  
convey."

## XVII.

Laboured Cuniza's breast with sighs,  
Tears streamed in torrents from her eyes;  
"Alas!" she cried, "it may not be!  
When reckless of mine anguished pray'r  
My cruel brothers made me swear  
A wedded wife's fidelity  
To one my very soul abhorred,  
They gave me to that chosen lord.  
Irrevocable is the gift,  
Howe'er their darkling policy may shift."

## XVIII.

"Thy brothers when they gave their treasure  
Counted on boundless gratitude;  
Thy faithless lord's unthankful mood,  
Not Ezzelino's changeful pleasure—"

Sordello said.—But what avails  
The lover's pleading to repeat?  
Persuasion eloquently sweet,  
That fearfully her heart assails  
Who dares, upon her strength relying,  
Listen to dang'rous sophistry,  
Or to the yet more dang'rous plea  
Of agony, ev'n unto dying;  
Too potent over woman's mind—  
To yielding tenderness inclined,  
Inclined to ev'ry sacrifice  
Whose painful magnitude may prove  
In a mistrustful lover's eyes  
The perfect truth and fulness of her love!

## XIX.

Cuniza taught her sounder sense  
To deem that strict obedience,  
Paid heretofore so painfully  
To her imperious brother's will  
When it decreed her misery,  
Remained her chiefest duty still;

Now, when that brother's voice of thunder  
Reversing the abhorred decree—  
Rending her hated bonds asunder—  
Bade her, from hated wedlock free,  
Again to that loved home repair  
Where erst beneath a mother's care  
Her budding beauties grew ;  
Where, while 'mid innocence and peace  
Each year beheld her charms increase,  
She youth's soft feelings knew—  
Soft feelings, while scarce consciously they  
gushed  
By fate implacable for ever crushed.

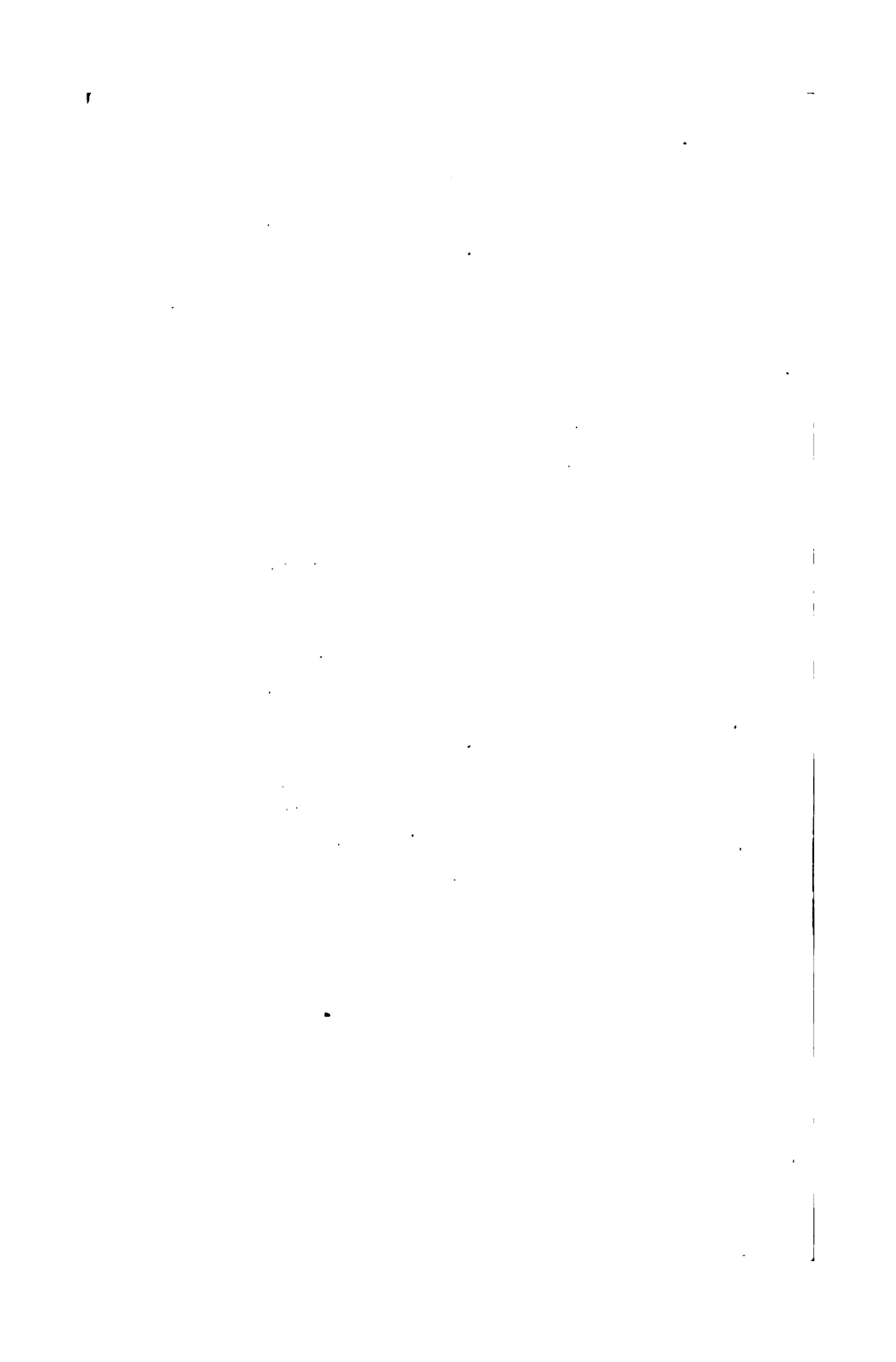
## XX.

But, oh! those scenes where first such feelings  
sprang,  
How fondly on those scenes does memory hang!  
There, in untroubled, mournful solitude,  
From irksome duties freed, love's hopes resigned,  
To dwell, and o'er Sordello's glories brood—  
What balm such prospects to her tortured mind!  
And such her haughty brethren's altered mood—

With will unalterable, pronounced her lot.  
If she too promptly, willingly obey,  
Oh pity, and too harshly blame her not!  
Ye, who in nuptial duty more austere,  
Deem that no guilt impairs a husband's sway,  
Yet to her sorrows give a sympathetic tear!

## XXI.

She, amid courts where vice unblushingly  
Upreared his front, had, in her purity,  
Stood single, and in holy innocence  
Saw not the vice around, however glaring,  
Till in her faithless consort's wanton bearing  
She felt his worthlessness, her excellence.  
To leave such consort, from all vows estranged,  
For those dear brothers, her liege lords esteemed,  
Her new, for long-accustomed bonds exchanged,  
If error 'twere, to her most venial error seemed.



**SORDELLO.****CANTO VI.****THE FLIGHT.****I.**

ON plea of malady, all day  
Cuniza quitted not her bow'r,  
And counted ev'ry anxious hour,  
As ling'ringly it rolled away.  
At length the burning sun declines,  
Illumining the western sky ;  
And to the trembling gazer's eye  
Behind the distant Appenines  
Sinks slowly down and disappears.  
Half-fainting midst her hopes and fears,

She marks the blaze of golden light  
Through purple (\*) canopy that glows  
To grace his proud career's close;  
Like honours after death remaining,  
Offered to genius, valour, might,  
By grateful nations, at the tomb  
Of patriot-hero fallen in fight.  
Cuniza watched these glories waning,  
Vanishing into twilight's gloom;  
She watched that gloom grow yet more deep,  
As evening's darker shadows creep  
Gently o'er earth and heav'n, till all  
Is buried under night's impervious pall.

## II.

And then, unable to control  
Longer the tumults in her soul,  
Or her distracted thoughts disguise,  
And sickening at the boisterous sound  
Of mirth, that rang the castle round—  
—Discordant to her wayward mood—  
Downward she cast her conscious eyes,  
And spoke of weariness and pain,  
And, with her ladies' pardon, fain  
In darkness and in solitude

Would rest, she said, her aching head.  
Her ladies on that hint retired;  
Her maidens laid her on her bed;  
Then whispered she, in falt'ring tone,  
No further tendance she required,  
And better haply might repose alone.

## III.

She is alone. Does now repose  
Her heavy lids in slumber close?  
Repose? It is not for the breast  
Where hopes and terrors ever fight,  
Where love's alluring visions bright  
And passion's sophistry prevail  
The biassed reason to delude;  
Whilst struggling, and in vain repressed,  
Virtue's respected precepts still intrude,  
Remorseful doubts the conscience still assail.

## IV.

She lay in fevered agony,  
Dreaming of maidhood's careless state,  
Revolting 'gainst her wedded fate,  
Yet shrinking from futurity;



Hearkening for every echo sent  
From yonder scene of merriment  
And Bacchanalian revelry,  
With tidings of her lord's excess  
Startling her secret chamber's loneliness.

## v.

And thence, from pleasure's noisy reign,  
Ofttimes would strike upon her ear  
Tones so familiar and so dear,  
That, howsoever strange the strain,  
Her bosom thrilled those tones to hear.  
Then, noting the intemperate glee  
New in Sordello's minstrelsy,  
She trembled lest the song so changed  
Betray a heart alike estranged  
From ev'ry former sympathy.  
"Alas!" she thought, "no longer love,  
But my proud brothers' wishes move  
The Troubadour from threatening ill  
To snatch me!" Her rebellious will  
With woman's chastely virtuous pride  
Then combating, "Oh, be it so!" she sighed.

## VI.

Alas! how little with that pray'r  
Of piously resigned despair,  
Accords her breathing, laboured, thick,  
Half choked in a convulsive sob;—  
The palpitation of her heart,  
Now faintly tremulous, now quick,  
And so tumultuously strong,  
That every loud unwonted throb  
Seems heard and shewn in sudden start;—  
The noises inwardly that throng  
In strange confusion on her ear,  
Before whose deafening influence  
All sounds external disappear,  
Whilst every bewildered sense  
Reels impotent, inebriate with fear.

## VII.

But now the songs and laughter cease;  
The castle round lies wrapt in peace;  
And from her pillow softly stealing  
Cuniza, midst a war of feeling,

Hears the appointed signal strain;  
—That well-remembered lay of love  
Which first her maiden pride could move  
To tender pity of a lover's pain.

## VIII.

Trembling betwixt her hopes and fears  
She at her casement now appears,  
There from the Troubadour she took  
A page's garment, to disguise  
Her person from all prying eyes.  
And, ill though modesty might brook  
In such attire to meet his view  
Who loved her once with passion true,  
Her brothers' will, her plighted word  
All hesitating doubts suppressed.  
Assuming the unwonted vest,  
Her door she opened, and unheard,  
With feathery foot the gall'ries paced;  
Each long and devious passage traced,  
And in a distant quarter sought

An unfrequented postern-gate ;  
Whither Sordello's eager haste  
Had borne him with the speed of thought,  
The trembler's promised coming to await.

## IX.

That trembler past the chamber crept  
Where her imperious consort slept ;  
And midst the silence of the night  
What sounds she fancied of affright !  
She heard her lord in anger high  
Reviling her intended flight,  
Taxing her with delinquency  
Abhorrent to her spirit pure ;  
—That burning with adult'rous flame  
She fled her duties, stained her name  
For a licentious Troubadour.  
Such thoughts a sacred influence shed,—  
She turned, her footsteps to retread ;  
Resolved at her allotted post  
To wait her destiny, resigned,  
And unresisting—Woman's boast !  
Oh, may her sacrifice acceptance find !

## X.

In virtuous purpose resolute,  
Her backward course with firmer foot  
She treads, with tears of humble woe.  
She pauses—Why that anguished start?  
Why have her tears forgot to flow?  
Alas! Within her treacherous heart,  
Her constancy to overthrow,  
And stay her purposed sacrifice  
Of life and hope at virtue's shrine,  
Masked under pity's form divine  
Behold a cherished image rise!  
*His*, who to selfish fear a stranger—  
O'er him though thousand ills impend,—  
Awaits her now, all reckless of his danger,  
And until morning's dawn her coming will attend.

## XI.

“Alas!” she sighed, “and does the zeal  
With which, at Ezzelin's command,  
He risks his safety for my weal,  
Merit such guerdon at my hand,

That I should heedlessly expose  
His life to unrelenting foes,  
Who would not spare him, were he found  
At dawn upon forbidden ground?  
No! Let me see him, let me speak  
The gratitude my breast that swells,  
And the strong motive that impels  
My heart, though womanly and weak,  
To bear my griefs, my perils brave!"  
Along her former path she flew, intent to save.

## XII.

The door she reached with breathless speed,  
And, as they mocked her utmost strength,  
Hardly the stubborn bolts recede;  
Whilst from without a well-known voice  
Impatient urges her. At length  
The door uncloses. Swift her hand  
Sordello grasps: "Ev'n to rejoice,"  
Soft whispering, "the waning night  
Allows not leisure, whilst we stand  
By dangers thickly circled round.  
Oh hasten, that the morning's light  
Surprise us not upon unfriendly ground!"

## XIII.

“Sordello, no,—I may not fly;  
I must await my destiny  
Where heav’n itself has cast my lot.”  
—“Cuniza, wilt thou thus unsay  
Thy plighted word—nay this array,  
Assumed thy brothers to obey”—  
“Forbear, Sordello, urge me not  
My duty thus to violate!  
My former weakness I repent—  
Hither I came, my sole intent  
To bid thee here not vainly wait,  
Nor dangers for my sake incur.”  
“Ne’er from this postern may I stir,  
Cuniza, save thy steps to guide!  
Mine honour pawned to bear thee hence  
Secure from wrong or violence,  
Binds me for ever to thy side,  
Thy perils to prevent or to abide.”

## XIV.

He spoke with passion’s accent true,  
And still, whilst speaking, gently drew

Further and further from the door  
The tenderly resisting wife.  
Again what need my song relate  
The end of such unequal strife?  
The veriest novice in the lore  
Of Love's soft eloquence and wiles,  
Of passion's overwhelming might,  
Anticipates Cuniza's fate ;  
How opportunity beguiles  
Well knows, and that who dares abide  
The contest, shall repent her pride ;  
That courage but betrays—safety is but in flight.

## xv.

Thus amidst floods of scalding tears,  
Offspring of penitence and shame,  
Amidst a thousand clashing fears,  
—Fears to attain her spotless fame  
If she forsake her husband's dwelling ;  
—Fears her stern brothers to offend,  
Against their sovereignty rebelling  
Should she their mandate disobey ;  
—Fears for his life who swears to stay  
Unless he bear herself away—



With whose deep anguish gently blend  
Such sweet emotions of delight—  
Of love so purely, chastely bright—  
Of freedom from the galling chain  
That to a husband aye abhorred—  
Linked her,—worse than Mezentian pain!  
Of home, with childhood's pleasure's vain,  
But guiltless, youth's enchanting dream,  
All thoughts, all feelings, whose accord  
Melts into harmony, when HOME's their theme!

## XVI.

Amidst all this—this! ay, and more,  
That lover's heart alone can paint,—  
Whilst still to bide her fate she swore,  
Nor felt her resolution faint,  
He drew from her consort's halls  
Across the garden's moonlight scene;  
He bore her past the castle's walls,  
E'en to the woodland's covert green,  
Where, close concealed, his gallant train  
Their leader and his prize await—  
Then pausing, whispered, " 'Tis too late!  
No longer may'st thou here remain

In spotless honour ; thy return  
Would but a late repentance show,  
Which thy relentless lord would spurn.  
And I—in guerdon of my love  
Abandoned to my deadliest foe,  
The sport of his vindictive spite,  
Tortured, perchance, e'en in thy sight,  
Will't not that gentle bosom's pity move ?”

## XVII.

She sighed, “ No longer I resist  
My brothers' will.” Her hand he kissed,  
Placed her upon a palfrey fair,  
Burthen so precious trained to bear ;  
And springing lightly on his steed,  
Cried, “ Life and liberty are in our speed !”

## XVIII.

They fled—and ere the morning's ray  
Shewed desolate the nuptial bower,  
Reft of Romano's drooping flower,  
Forest, and field, and river lay  
Betwixt San Bonifacio's rage  
And that fair fugitive, the seeming page.

## XIX.

And now the weary hurrying band  
Are on Romano's subject land.  
Then first Sordello drew his rein,  
And, bending to the saddle bow,  
Said "Gentle lady, rest thee now  
Upon Romano's fair domain;  
Beneath thy brothers' guardianship art thou,  
And tyrannous revenge threatens henceforth  
in vain!"

## XX.

When, against weariness and fear  
Cuniza striving, half subdued,  
Beheld her perils disappear,  
In one warm burst of gratitude,  
With looks that all her soul expressed,  
The feelings struggling in her breast  
Eagerly she essayed to tell:  
Fruitless the effort! In a sigh,  
Whilst her imperfect accents die,  
She, faint and swooning, from her palfrey fell.

## XXI.

The haughty brothers haste to meet,  
And with a kindly welcome greet  
That sister, drooping, wan and pale,  
Blighted by sorrow's wintry gale,  
Whom, in her beauty's richest bloom,  
Ambition had in ruthless guise  
Offered a living sacrifice  
At policy's unholy shrine,  
Of love, hope, happiness, the tomb.  
Whilst gazing on that wasted form  
Round which youth's recollections twine,  
Some nat'ral feelings, gen'rous, warm,—  
A light reflected from the beam  
Of earlier, human sympathy—  
Glistened in either brother's eye :  
But as the lightning's flash, transient that  
gleam!

## XXII.

And now, that precious pledge regained,  
No further obstacles oppose  
Th' encounter of the kindred foes.

Eager the tide of war to pour,  
In whelming desolation, o'er  
Those lands no longer that contained  
The hostage, whose imperiled life  
Had long repressed the headlong strife,  
The proud Romanos quick array  
Their trusty veterans, and take their way—

## XXIII.

But why should the reluctant Muse  
On scenes of blood and warfare dwell?  
Each sep'rate feat of arms to tell  
That crushed San Bonifacio's pride,  
Well may her gentle voice refuse.  
Enough to say, his towns and castles fell,  
Enough to say, that he, in the last conflict,  
died!

## XXIV.

And wherefore should the pitying Muse  
In idle curiosity  
Uplift the veil of secrecy  
Love weaves for those his pow'r subdues?

If e'en proud Ezzelino chose,  
Gratefully blind, his eyes to close,  
Nor know what church at midnight hour  
Received Cuniza's happier vow;  
Nor who the priest, despite his pow'r,  
Durst such unequal match allow:  
No longer if he watch by night  
Whether Sordello cautiously  
Steal thither, where his lady bright  
Looks out in love's expectancy;  
Nor if beneath her lattice still  
He sing his soft, impassioned strain,  
Or whether to her bower received,  
Where she o'er other ties erst grieved,  
He in that bower of purity obtain  
Of loyal love, of minstrel skill,  
Of valiant deeds achieved to gain  
Her hand, of zeal displayed in her defence,—  
At length in nuptial bliss the well-earned re-  
compense?

## xxv.

Enough to know that health's glad hue  
Brightens again Cuniza's cheek,  
Whilst her late tearful eyes bespeak

In all their former radiancy,  
Felicity deep-seated, true.  
To know, that in Verona fair,  
Sordello, evermore abiding  
Chief favorite of her princely pair,  
As first in popularity,  
Sings, if no longer lays of love,  
The pure and holy joys they prove,  
Who all the tenderness residing  
In woman's chaste and constant bosom share.

## XXVI.

Forbear to interrupt their bliss  
With questions what that bliss may be.  
Respect their harmless mystery;  
Look but upon their tranquil happiness,  
Such character ne'er marked the fruit of vice.  
The gentle pair had suffered much and long,  
Fate owed them compensation for each wrong,  
And merited as sweet their union's paradise.

**TALES.**



Some few of the following Tales, and short pieces,  
have already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and  
other periodicals.

# TALES.

---

## THE MINSTREL,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

---

“WHY, lady, from those eyes so fair  
Do tears in torrents flow?  
Wherefore thus rend thy golden hair?  
Whence such excess of woe?”—

“Palmer, my hair I well may rend,  
Well floods of tears may weep!  
The ills that over me impend  
My soul in anguish steep.”—

“ Lady, disclose thy cause of grief,  
Perchance by Palmer’s aid  
Thy bosom’s pangs may find relief,  
The threatening ills be staid.”—

“ Oh, rev’rend Palmer, ’tis in vain !  
Nought can avert my fate ;  
And but thy prayers to obtain  
Will I my griefs relate.

“ My father in the Holy Land  
Fights for the Christian name,  
Whilst lawless tyranny would brand  
His own with sin and shame.

“ He left me to a mother’s care  
In joyous infancy,  
And promised to return long ere  
Youth’s perils should be nigh.

“ But many a year has rolled away,  
My path those perils throng ;  
And still, alas ! from day to day  
Does he his stay prolong.

“The monarch’s guilty roving glance  
Has fall’n on this sad face ;  
His suit of insult to advance  
And plunge me in disgrace,—

“My plighted bridegroom, stout and bold,  
But trustingly unwise,  
Sir Audulf, in the tyrant’s hold,  
A sentenced captive lies.

“And I, forlorn, defenceless left,  
Must mine affianced lord  
Behold for me of life bereft,  
Or saved by means abhorred !

“To-morrow is his day of doom—  
And mine to bid him live!  
—I must redeem him—and the tomb  
From shame shall refuge give.”—

“Hold, lady, hold ! nor heav’n thus brave ;  
But strive by prayer to win  
That mercy which alone can save ;—  
Such blessing crowns not sin !

“ Be’t mine to seek this tyrant-king,  
And, trust a Palmer’s word,  
His guilty spirit I will wring!  
Or, should it fall unheard,

“ On wilful ears, the warning strain,  
Still, still despair thou not!  
Thy minstrel-friend, John de Rampagne,  
Lady, is he forgot,

“ By whom thine infant charms were sung,  
Who chose thee for his muse,  
His fancy’s lady, whilst too young  
For feeling’s balmy dews?

“ Lady, whate’er can knightly sword  
Or minstrel-skill achieve  
Must fail, or for her plighted lord  
No more shall Edith grieve!”—

The Palmer’s hat was tossed aside  
To meet the maiden’s gaze;—  
With kindling cheek and eye, she cried,  
“ To blessed Mary praise!

“ Who, to redeem me from despair,  
Sends mine own minstrel true—  
Oh, well I know what man may dare  
John de Rampagne will do !

“ Bending before our Lady’s shrine  
In penitential guise  
Will I implore her aid divine  
To speed thine enterprise.

“ Incessant will I weep and pray,  
On knee unwearying kneel ;  
Nor food shall touch my lips this day  
Nor sleep mine eyelids seal ;

“ The live-long night shall hear my voice,  
The morning meet my cry ;—  
I rise, nor rest, till I rejoice  
In thy success—or die !”—

Fair Edith to her chapel went  
Our Lady’s aid to seek.—  
His steps the Palmer court-ward bent  
In her dear cause to speak.

The shell, the palm, the pilgrim-weed,  
Ill sorted with that court,  
Swarming with those who nothing heed  
Save merriment and sport.

The Palmer pleaded Edith's cause  
In monitory tone;—  
But they who scoff at virtue's laws  
And heaven's commands disown,

Will they the preacher's voice respect,  
Obeying his behest?  
With insult they enhance neglect;  
And many a scurrile jest

The Palmer from the palace drives;—  
Sighing he passed away.  
The hours roll on until arrives  
The evening banquet gay.

The bowl is circling merrily,  
Discarded all restraint,  
Whilst food for graceless mockery  
Affords the routed saint.

Lo! visitors more welcome far,  
More meet for pleasure's sphere!—  
Whilst yet unseen the gay guitar  
Proclaims a minstrel near.

He comes—A momentary thrill  
Of horror shakes each breast;  
Black as the father of all ill  
Appears the tuneful guest.

The first such terrors to command  
Was England's king, who said :  
“ In what yet undiscovered land  
Wast thou, dark minstrel, bred ? ” —

“ My native Ethiopia lies  
Beneath the torrid zone,  
Whose scorching sun, in tyrant guise,  
Thus brands us as his own. ” —

“ And in that distant, sultry clime  
Heard'st thou of England's king ? ” —  
“ Oh, monarch, neither space nor time  
May bound Fame's restless wing.



"To every spot beneath the sun  
She wheels her swift career,  
Loudly proclaiming what is done  
By those whom mortals fear.

"Ye who exalted stations fill,  
This price for greatness pay;  
Your every action, good or ill,  
Is public as the day.

"Thy triumphs over many a king,  
O'er knights approved in arms,  
O'er noble dames, their hands who wring,  
And curse their fatal charms;

"All, all, the voice of Fame employ,  
And grace or stain thy name."  
—The monarch's laugh spoke idle joy  
And recklessness of blame.

He bade the sable minstrel show  
His Ethiopian skill;—  
The sable minstrel bending low,  
Obedient to his will,

Sang a soft tale of faithful love,  
Of woman's constancy ;  
Sang how, her honour to approve,  
The gentlest maid can die ;

And sang of tyrants from the throne  
By honour's vengeance hurled—  
The monarch frowned—"The Ethiop's tone,"  
He said, with lip scorn-curved,

"Were meeter for the nunnery grate,  
Or burgher's hour of glee,  
Than for the hall of royal state  
And courtly revelry."

Again the Son of Night bowed low ;  
Then sang the joys of wine,  
Those that from pow'r unbounded flow,  
And love no laws confine.

Loud laughed the monarch, raised the bowl,  
And pledged the minstrel deep,  
And asked more lays—till o'er him stole  
Excess's offspring, sleep.

The prince was to his couch conveyed,  
Dispersed the jovial band;  
But music's friend, De Bracy, staid,  
And grasped the minstrel's hand,

And prayed, unless he too confessed  
Slumber's resistless pow'r,  
With wine and music, as his guest,  
He'd cheat the midnight hour.

With glad assent the minstrel heard  
A pray'r his wish that met;  
And followed, uttering many a word  
Of kindness and regret

For knights in distant regions known—  
Then brave Sir Audulf named:  
The gay De Bracy's altered tone  
Sad pity's touch proclaimed.

"Alas!" he said, "at break of day  
Must that good knight be slain."—  
Loud cried the minstrel, "Welaway!  
His friendship to obtain,

“Your far-famed English Court I sought;  
And must my travels’ end  
Be with such disappointment fraught?  
He whom my future friend

“I deemed, must he unknown expire?”—  
“Nay, be not thus cast down;  
But disappointment, friendship, ire,  
In brimming goblets drown.”

As in De Bracy’s chamber, now,  
The new companions stood,  
With hands clasped tightly o’er his brow,  
In melancholy mood,

The minstrel ’gainst the casement lent  
And said with heavy sigh,  
“Might I, with fruitless toil fore-spent,  
But see him ere he die!”

De Bracy mused;—“The nightly guard  
Is set, secured each gate;  
Why should the minstrel be debarred  
A wish allowed by fate?

“What though he dies with morning’s light?—  
Go, warders, bring him here,  
And tell him his last earthly night  
Shall wine and music cheer.”

A song of thanks the minstrel raised,  
Passing the goblet by.  
Sir Audulf came, and wildered gazed  
On that strange company.

The knight attempted to explain;  
But with a courteous bend  
The Ethiop said, “John de Rampagne,  
Fair Edith’s earliest friend,

“Bade me his fancy’s lady seek,  
And thee, her plighted lord.”  
More than his words his glances speak,  
And glimmering hope afford.

Whilst mute, perplexed, the prisoner hung  
On each mysterious glance,  
The sable minstrel smiled, and sung—  
“Of knights, with sword and lance,

“ Who battled in the Holy Land;  
And of *one* luckless knight  
Made captive by a Paynim band  
Through treachery, not might;

“ Who lay of Saracens the thrall,  
Doomed for his faith to bleed;  
Who saw his last of evenings fall,  
His last of nights succeed.”

Sang how “ of rescue hopeless now,  
As long of clemency,  
The knight in pray’r bent down his brow,  
And fitted him to die;

“ And thought upon his lady love,  
Who in her distant bow’r  
Breathed orisons to heav’n above  
To speed their nuptial hour.”

The minstrel told “ what images  
Distempered fancy drew  
To torture,—when sweet melodies  
Fell soft as evening dew,

“ On the despairing captive’s ear ;  
Is’t not his native tongue—  
That voice—his distant lady dear—  
It was herself that sung !”

The minstrel sang “ on waters deep,  
The prison walls that lave ;  
How waits that lady, when all sleep,  
Her knight from death to save !”

Tells how “ the stream, the prison’s height,  
Deeming sufficient guard,  
The Paynim, unsuspecting flight,  
His casement left unbarred.

“ A ladder framed of silken cords  
He from her boat must lift;  
Scarce his rent clothing length affords  
To reach the life-fraught gift.”

Tells how “ when he at length obtained,  
And fixed the silken stair,  
No further obstacle remained,  
But, light as viewless air,

“The captive through his casement stept,  
Alighted in the boat,  
And kissed the tears his lady wept  
As down the stream they float.”

No pause the Ethiop songster brooked  
Till ceased his minstrelsy,  
But heedful on the warders looked,  
Then sought Sir Audulf's eye.

The watchful captive notes that glance,  
And with a glance replies.  
—And now as morning's hours advance  
The bowl De Bracy plies;

And whilst the sparkling wine he quaffs,  
And urges on each guest,  
He at the ardent minstrel laughs,  
From song who scarce will rest,

Th' exhilarating cup to share;  
Then in the deep carouse,  
Lost every thought of warder's care,  
His head in slumber bows.



The minstrel 'neath his ample cloak  
Then shewed a silken stair;  
And, whilst his skilful finger woke  
A poppy-strewing air,

In tones sleep's spirit had imbued  
His whispering ditty said:  
"A vessel waits on Severn's flood,  
Prepared escape to aid.

"'Twill answer to whoever calls  
The sable minstrel's friends;—  
Stay not for thanks—within these walls  
Death over both impends."

The knight makes fast the silken stairs,  
And down them eager springs;  
The minstrel draws yet drowsier airs  
Lullingly from his strings;

Observes Sir Audulf's rapid course,  
Adown each slender cord;  
Lists for the watch-word low and hoarse,  
Beholds him safe on board;

Then lightly crossed the chamber floor,  
Made every fastening good,  
Barred carefully the outer door,  
Lest prying eyes intrude,

And down the ladder swiftly flew ;  
He gained Sir Audulf's side,  
And instantly the little crew  
Their oars with vigour plied.

Whilst on his gratitude's fond theme  
Sir Audulf strove to dwell,  
The vessel gliding down the stream  
Reached a sequestered dell,

Where chargers barbed, for battle dight,  
Stood ready to their need ;  
Mounted the minstrel and the knight,  
And urged their coursers' speed.

Scarce had the earliest blush of morn  
Illumed the twilight gray,  
When under battlements that scorn  
A threatening foe's array,

The fugitives first drew the rein ;  
Then loud the Ethiop calls,  
“ Undo your gates ! None e’er in vain  
Sought shelter in these halls.”

Still at our gracious Lady’s shrine  
Fair Edith knelt in pray’r,  
Now supplicating aid divine,  
Now writhing in despair.

Hark ! footsteps !—From her knees she springs,  
Convulsed with maddening fear,  
And to the altar wildly clings :  
“ The murderers draw near !

“ My plighted consort’s bleeding head  
They bring—my soul to quail,  
And to the hated tyrant’s bed  
The widowed bride would hale !”

Whilst thus in agony she shrieks,  
Averting her closed eyes,  
The voice best loved “ Mine Edith !” speaks :  
—She faints in glad surprise.

And when her eyes again unclosed,  
Upon her bridegroom's breast  
Her head is pillowed to repose,  
His heart her place of rest.

One hand down-hanging grasped she feels  
With friendship's cordial strain;  
The Ethiop minstrel smiling kneels—  
“ 'Tis he!—John de Rampagne.”

## THE TWO MAGICIANS,

A GERMAN LEGEND.

---

THE master of the magic spell  
Reclined upon the rocky shore,  
And watched the curling billows swell,  
And listened to their hollow roar.

He sat in melancholy mood,  
He gazed upon his mighty book,  
And thought, more joy attends the good,  
Ev'n in the loneliest, lowliest nook,

Than he, in all the wealth and pow'r  
Gathered from his forbidden art,  
Could find in many a heavy hour  
To still the yearnings of his heart.

Then earthly quiet, heavenly bliss,  
—Soft visions!—floated o'er his mind;  
In ocean's fathomless abyss  
To drown his book he half-inclined;

When, to pervert his kindlier will,  
High sailing on a fleecy cloud  
The former pupil of his skill  
Paused o'er the seer, thus taunting loud.

“Ho! Teacher of my novice years!  
Boasts yet thine art no loftier range?  
Know'st not that o'er the starry spheres  
A science soars, dark, fearful, strange?”

“Long bowed I humbly at thy chair,  
From thee imbibing mystic lore,  
Now times are changed, I ride the air,  
Whilst thou liest helpless on the shore.”

The master of the magic spell  
Curled his pale lip in calm disdain ;  
His feats he heard the boaster tell,  
Scorning reply to words so vain.

“ Wherefore thus silent, master mine?  
Yield'st thou to my superior might?  
Or means that lurking sneer malign  
Me, and my wizard powers to slight ?”

No answer yet vouchsafed the sage,  
Nor noted these pretensions high ;  
But turning o'er the runic page  
Marked its contents with earnest eye.

“ Cast that worm-eaten book aside,  
More potent charms to learn of me.  
Disdain'st mine offer? Be't then tried  
Whose science claims the mastery.”

“ Forbear, forbear, presumptuous boy !”  
Thus sternly, sadly, spoke the seer ;  
“ Awake not wrath that must destroy  
E'en what compassion yet holds dear.”

Loud over sea and rocky strand  
The boaster's scoffing laugh was heard ;  
It ceases ;—waving high his wand  
He mutters many a mystic word ;

And, answering to th' enchantment's force,  
The spirits of the tempest rise,  
Sweep o'er the earth their whirlwind course,  
Convulse the seas, obscure the skies.

The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,  
The mountain surges threaten heaven ;  
The rock that stateliest guards the shore  
Yawns, to its base asunder riven.

The seer, while pity tempered scorn  
Beheld the tempest's wildest rage,  
Beheld the rocky bulwark torn—  
Then heedful scanned the runic page.

The spell was found—some words he read  
Of fearful, of resistless sway,  
Words filling earth and heaven with dread,  
Hell's self constraining to obey.



The boaster's cheek is ashy pale,  
Bristles his hair, his eyes grow dim ;  
Senses, pulsation, breathing fail,  
Wild horror palsies every limb !

He 'lights, unwilling, on the shore,  
He moves with slow, reluctant pace,  
He strives forgiveness to implore—  
In vain !—The seer averts his face.

Towards that dread rock himself has cleft,  
Powerless for struggle, ev'n for pray'r,  
He shuddering goes, of all bereft,  
Save consciousness of his despair—

His foot has touched the rifted cave—  
“ No force shall thus control my will !”  
Again he moves—into his grave !  
One shriek !—The rock has closed—all's still.

The storm is hushed, bright shines the day ;  
The billows roll with softer swell,  
And, deeply sighing, wends his way,  
The master of the magic spell.

## THE DEATH OF AMURATH.

FROM SERVIAN HISTORY.

---

THE sun had set on seas of blood,  
And Amurath, the sceptred Turk,  
In haughty conqueror's ruthless mood  
Went forth to look upon his work.

The traitor Vuk—on field of fight  
His battling comrades who betrayed,  
Who, lured by gold, or cowed by fright,  
A base, apostate renegade,

Though nearly to the Zar allied,  
Unblushing joined his country's foe,  
When as a Christian patriot died  
That Zar, by Moslem sword laid low—

—Vuk followed in the Moslem train;  
And scarce could service lately wrought  
Avert the scowl of high disdain  
That spoke each proud Barbarian's thought.

The Sultan on the turban'd dead  
Looked down with such indiff'rent eye,  
As in its very calmness said,  
'Twas honour in his cause to die.

Then to the slaughtered Christians turned  
The conqu'ror's supercilious glance.  
Whilst many a noble corse he spurned,  
He bade the traitor, Vuk, advance;

And, pointing to the ghastly heap  
That round one Christian warrior rose,  
Who lay, as toil-spent and asleep,  
Entombed amidst his slaughtered foes :

Thus questioned : "Say, what name he bore,  
Whose arm, ere he resigned his breath,  
Deluged the earth with Moslem gore,  
And, meriting, avenged his death?"

How ashy pale the traitor's cheek !  
How shuns his eye, e'en from afar,  
That honoured form ! Scarce can he speak,  
" Lord Sultan, 'tis the Servian Zar !"

The Sultan pauses, with fixed gaze  
Dwells on that form distained with blood,  
Whilst triumph on his count'nance plays,—  
And thus exults in boastful mood :

" Yon senseless corse, the Servian Zar,  
Who dared the Moslem pow'r defy !  
Who dreamt that mine ascendant star  
Should pale before his enmity !

" Knew he not that decrees divine  
To me this world's dominion give ?  
That loyalty by right is mine,  
Submission mine, from all that live ?

" Ye who would my commands dispute,  
Behold this contumacious chief,  
A victim trampled 'neath my foot,  
After resistance fierce as brief !

“ There leave him to the wolves a prey !”  
In savage arrogance of heart  
The conqu’ror spoke, and turned away,  
From death’s red harvest to depart ;

When from a distant pile of slain  
Stole forth a faint, uncertain sound.  
The Sultan lingered on the plain  
To cast a searching glance around.

And, where that doubtful sound was heard,  
Seemed as a clustering mass of dead  
With some unnat’ral force was stirred ;—  
There, moves upon its clammy bed

A corse, that, half uprising, falls ;  
Changes its place a stiffened limb ;  
And from the pile or rolls or crawls  
A trunk, in headless horror grim.

From many a cheek ne’er blanched in fight,  
Whilst now the tint of manhood flies,  
One moment whilst on that strange sight  
The Sultan glares in mute surprise ;

Out from the moving mass of slain  
Another cōrse uprises slow,  
And stands erect upon the plain,  
Gazing o'er all the scene of woe.

In blood-drenched Servian garb arrayed,  
Tow'rds Amurath he shapes his way,  
And by his reeking sabre's aid  
Attempts his feeble steps to stay.

In vain !—As though with wine distraught  
He staggers, reels, falls at full length ;  
Then, as impelled by eager thought,  
Exerting an unnatural strength,

Arises, totters in advance,  
And, fainting, prostrate falls again.  
Turning on Vuk a hasty glance,  
The Sultan said, " Servian, explain :

" Who is this miserable slave  
In death thus struggling tow'rds our feet ?"  
" Lord Sultan, Cobelitz the brave,  
Who doubtless mercy would entreat."

Whilst thus they commune, nearer draws  
The Servian combating with death ;  
Now at each step appears to pause,  
Now sinks to earth, and gasps for breath.

Another fall.—Long, long he lies,  
As if of consciousness bereft ;  
Is't o'er? No, see him strive to rise,  
With all of gathered life that's left.

See the blood mantle on his cheek—  
His eyes with fire unearthly glare !  
No longer gasping, fainting, weak,  
But, like the tiger on his lair,

Crouching, with one tremendous bound  
He on the wondering Sultan springs,  
Deals with firm hand one death-fraught wound,  
And to his sinking victim clings.

Impetuous rush the Paynim train,  
These to assist, for vengeance those :  
Their grief and rage alike are vain !  
In death together sleep the foes.

## SPANISH REVENGE.

A TALE.

---

FIERCELY blaze in Spanish bosoms  
Fires of love, of vengeful rage,  
Fiercest jealousy, whose fury  
Death itself can scarce assuage.

Many a fair and noble damsel  
Graced Valentia's courtly halls;  
Many a lover wooed their favour  
Nightly 'neath their palace walls.

But the fairest, noblest damsel,  
Could not beauty's palm but yield,  
When the Goldsmith's blooming daughter,  
Violante, stood revealed.



And the haughtiest Caballero  
That Valentia's walls contained,  
Secretly adored the maiden  
Whom his pride of birth disdained.

Fruitlessly he sighed, he languished;  
Violante's constant breast,  
Whilst she mutual love acknowledged,  
His opprobrious suit repressed.

When reproachfully he murmured,  
She with streaming tears would say,  
"Leave me, leave me, Don Alonzo,  
Nor mine innocence betray!

"If o'er births by fortune severed  
Rule such inimical stars,  
That inflexibly their sentence  
Wedlock's holy rite debars,

"Midst Valentia's courtly damsels  
Seek a worthier happier mate;  
Sad and faithful, Violante,  
In her maiden-widowed state,

“ Pray’rs for thee, with ceaseless fervour,  
Breathing at our Lady’s shrine,  
Shall her love, her life, her sorrow,  
Uncomplainingly resign.

“ But attempt not her dishonour !  
Never shall she stoop to shame,  
Never hear her outraged parents  
Curse a guilty daughter’s name !”

Hopeless otherwise to win her,  
Don Alonzo then implored  
Lawful though mysterious wedlock  
With the maiden he adored.

Throbbings of the maiden’s bosom,  
Blushes mantling on her cheek,  
Rapt’rous tears, proclaimed the answer  
Which her voice refused to speak.

By religion’s solemn sanction  
Now confirmed Alonzo’s wife,  
Flowed in bliss, pure, deep, untroubled,  
Violante’s noiseless life.

Weeks and months of joy, unclouded  
By regret, mistrust, or fear,  
Passed, and hardly Violante  
Heard malignant slander's sneer.

Days of bliss too swiftly vanished !  
Now no longer midnight's hour  
Brings him, constant as its chiming,  
To his secret nuptial bow'r.

Sometimes business claims his presence;  
Friends, that will not be denied ;  
Or his fear to wake suspicion,  
Keep him from his consort's side.

Now a tear that flowed less sweetly  
Dims at times her radiant eye ;  
In long hours of lonely watching  
Swells her breast an anxious sigh.

But he comes again, and rapture  
Dances in her trusting breast ;  
Rapture, fears and griefs but heighten,  
To his heart again while pressed.

Now a longer separation  
Threatens; urgent duty calls;  
Don Alonzo quits Valentia  
For a kinsman's distant walls.

Long his absence, long, continues;  
Violante's spirits faint  
With indefinite forebodings;  
But her lips breathe no complaint.

Daily prostrate at the altar  
She implores of heaven above,  
Her long absent consort's safety,  
And unchanging nuptial love.

Now a strange, a horrid rumour  
Echoes through Valentia's streets,  
And the disbelieving trembler,  
In unceasing whispers meets.

Don Alonzo's lengthened absence  
Fearfully the tale explains—  
He has wed his kinsman's daughter,  
Heiress of immense domains.

Homeward now, in pomp returning,  
He conducts his lady fair ;  
And Valentia loudly welcomes  
To her walls the bridal pair.

Violante, sternly silent,  
In her chamber's solitude  
On her wrongs indignant muses,  
Till—each tender thought subdued—

Frantic jealousy envenoms  
In her heart affection's well,  
And wild images of vengeance  
Vaguely rise on passion's swell.

Sudden on her lonely musings  
Festive acclamations ring !  
O'er her soul joy's sounds discordant  
Darker influences fling.

Night advances now, and silence  
O'er the jocund clamour steals ;  
But no wrath-allaying slumber  
Violante's eyelids seals.

Sleepless, tearless, mute, she watches  
Through the weary hours of night,  
Meditating fearful vengeance;—  
Then repairs with dawning light

To the church that saw her wedded;  
Kneels before the holiest shrine,  
And for her revengeful purpose  
Dares solicit aid divine.

Hours elapse, by her unheeded;—  
Brightly shone the noontide ray,  
From her dreadful pray'rs when rising  
Slow she took her homeward way.

Closely shrouded in her mantle,  
As in gloomy thought she passed,  
Hark! what footstep near approaching  
Bids her pulses throb so fast?

Off she flings the shrouding mantle  
That her person had concealed,  
And before her guilty consort  
Stands in beauty's pride revealed.

“Violante, ever dearest,  
Mine unwilling fault forgive!  
Only thou, my lawful consort,  
Shalt my bosom’s empress live!

“But not here, where all observe us,  
Can I mine excuse unfold;  
In our happy nuptial chamber  
Be my midnight story told.”

Thus the guilty husband trusted,  
Woman’s fondness to beguile;  
Shudd’ring, Violante listened,  
And replied with bitter smile:

“Wanton dames may at their pleasure  
Now assent, and now refuse;  
I, who own a wife’s obedience,  
Think but as my lord may chuse.”

Midnight came; the wonted signal  
Don Alonzo softly gave;  
Softly to the nuptial chamber  
Followed the accustomed slave.

There he told how base deceptions  
Had his constancy o'erthrown ;  
Told of Violante's danger  
Were she as his consort known.

To his tale of crafty falsehood,  
With pale inexpressive face,  
Silent Violante listened ;  
Silent met his warm embrace.

But when, in success triumphant,  
Slumber o'er his senses fell,  
Shuddering from his side she started ;  
Gazed awhile, as fixed by spell ;

Then her slave's assistance summoned,  
And his limbs securely bound,  
Ere she broke his treacherous slumbers  
With these words of boding sound.

“ Traitor, for no knightly kinsmen  
In the lists my rights maintain,  
Safely didst thou hope to triumph  
Over maid of humble strain ?



“ At thy pleasure wouldst espouse her ;—  
Then a nobler bride proclaim,  
Branding her, thy lawful consort,  
With a harlot's loathsome name ?

“ Traitor ! yielding to oppression,  
Never true-born Spaniard quailed !  
To the wronged, though lowly, feeble,  
Never means of vengeance failed !

“ Let proud man, from Violante  
Learn, that even woman knows,  
Unbefriended, outraged, trampled,  
Singly to avenge her woes !”

Vainly he implored her pardon,  
Vowed her inj'ries to redress,  
To dismiss his kinsman's daughter,  
And her lawful claims confess.

Penitence was unavailing,  
Scorn his base entreaties moved :  
“ Force me not amidst my hatred  
To despise whom most I loved !”

With the words "most loved," relenting,  
Fondness in her heart awoke,  
And a moment paused she, struggling;  
Then again resolv'dly spoke.

"Traitor, thus thy slighted victim  
Has her injuries redressed!"  
Spoke, and deeply plunged her poignard  
In her guilty husband's breast.

True her aim ;—one fierce convulsion  
Marked the pang of parting breath,  
And the treacherous Don Alonzo  
In the stillness lay of death.

Gazing on her slaughtered consort  
Violante speechless stood ;  
Joying in completed vengeance,  
Shudd'ring at her deed of blood,

And, scarce consciously, lamenting  
Him so hated and so dear ;  
But from these dark contemplations  
Roused her Lobna's busy fear.

“ Lady, lady, let us hasten  
Ere betraying day arise,  
This, though just, terrific vengeance  
To conceal from human eyes !”

First within an ample coffer  
Don Alonzo's corse they place,  
Then of violence and bloodshed  
Carefully remove each trace.

When their horrid task was ended,  
Violante spoke—“ Kind slave,  
Fare thee well, and shun Valentia,  
Thine imperilled life to save !

“ See the fading moonbeams glimmer  
On yon vessel's fluttering sails ;  
They shall bear thee hence to safety  
Ere yet day o'er night prevails.”

“ Lady, could thy slave forsake thee  
Little she deserved thy care !  
Fly with me, and share my safety,  
Or thy dangers I will share !”

“ Wronged, revenged, but broken-hearted,  
Life to me can yield but grief;  
Death and only death can offer  
To my sufferings relief.

“ Load not with thy fate my conscience—  
Fly—obey my last command !  
Friendship, love, perchance, await thee  
In thy happy native land.”

Lobna fled, and Violante  
Calmly by the corse remained ;  
Not a groan or sigh she uttered,  
Not a tear her eyelids stained.

High in heaven the sun was riding,  
When she heard a wild uproar ;  
Don Alonzo's friends and kindred  
Clamoured loudly at her door.

“ Don Alonzo yester even  
Left his lovely new-made bride ;  
Thou, his lawless pleasure's partner,  
Thou hast lured him from her side.

“Speak fair wanton, where lies hidden  
Whom thy beauty thus beguiles?  
Own the truth, nor hope for safety  
From thy meretricious wiles!”

“To the viceroy’s court conduct me,  
There mine answer shall be heard.”  
Fiercest menaces extorted  
From her lips no further word.

To the viceroy’s court their victim  
With remorseless rage they bring,  
Whilst around her, all unheeded,  
Threats and fierce revilings ring.

Stormy questions now assail her :  
“Woman, instantly reply;  
Tortures shall compel confession  
If the truth thou dar’st deny.”

O’er her features, white as marble,  
And as marble still and cold,  
Passed a smile of bitterer anguish  
Than convulsive tears e’er told.

Passed and fled ;—again her features  
As of marble chiselled seemed ;  
And could chisel fashion accents,  
Marble had her words been deemed.

“ Did mine actions need concealment,  
Had my life deserved a thought,  
With my faithful Moorish maiden  
Safety I in flight had sought.

“ I but wish to tell the story  
Of my vengeance, of my woes ;  
Rescue from reproach mine honour,  
And with life my sorrows close.”

Then her story she related,  
And while speaking, passion's storm  
Poured a flood of living beauty  
O'er that erst sepulchral form.

Her deep wrongs, her fearful vengeance,  
Whilst she thus proclaimed aloud,  
Horror, terror, and compassion,  
Silent held the listening crowd.

Even such as long discovered  
More than sympathy, amaze,  
Now on her surpassing beauty  
With awakening pity gaze.

Sighs, tears, sympathizing murmurs  
Sudden from her hearers broke,  
Whilst her direful tale concluding  
Solemnly these words she spoke :

“ Thus have I redeemed mine honour,  
Thus avenged my faith betrayed ;  
Thus have taught our proudest nobles  
Not to scorn the lowliest maid !

“ But, believe you racks or tortures  
E’er inflicted pang so fierce  
As the very heart I worshipped  
To behold my dagger pierce ?

“ In mine own that wound is bleeding,  
In death’s agonies I live ;  
And from mercy ask that sentence  
Which death’s fearful peace shall give !”

Fondly would the general pity  
Her impending fate relieve :  
Even Don Alonzo's kindred  
O'er her wrongs and sorrows grieve.

Vain their pity ! Vain their pardon !  
Justice speaks the awful doom,  
Sternly life for life requiring ;—  
Heard with muttered, deepening gloom.

Only she, the doomed offender,  
Listened with unaltered brow ;  
Glanced a silent prayer to heaven,  
Murmured, " All's forgiven now !"

And, alive but to the vengeance  
That her injuries requites,  
Scarcely conscious of the pity  
Her untimely fate excites,

Of the orisons uprising  
For her guilty spirit's peace,—  
Calmly mounts the fatal scaffold,  
Where her life and sorrows cease.



SPANISH COURTESY.

---

ON the walls of Antequera (<sup>4</sup>)  
    Stood Narvaez, warrior stout,  
Watching for his absent spearmen,  
    Listening for their triumph's shout.

Hark! A distant sound of tumult!  
    See! A cloud of dust appears!  
Through its darkness, fitful flashings  
    Tell of burnished helms and spears.

Nearer comes the squadron, nearer,  
    And Narvaez' practised eye  
Now, amidst the Christian horsemen,  
    May a captive Moor descry.

"Triumph, triumph!" shouts the squadron;

"See our prize, a gallant foe,

Who, though single, ere he yielded,

Laid our bravest comrades low!"

Goodly both in form and feature,

Clad in rich, blood-stained attire,

Was the Moor, but heavy sorrow

Half had quenched his eyebeam's fire.

Courteously the bold Narvaez

Questioned of his captive's name.

"Well I ween thy gallant bearing

Speaks a warrior known to fame."

"Christian, Ronda's Alcayde

Owens thy prisoner for his son."

Tears, long-checked, in torrents gushing,

Stream, ere yet his words be done.

"Ronda's far famed Alcayde

Boldest is of Moslem race;

Idle tears for war's mischances

Ne'er could son of his disgrace."

“ Christian, deem not war’s mischances  
From mine eyes could wring a tear;  
If I weep ’tis o’er the ruin  
Of all hopes my soul held dear.

“ Long and fervently I’ve worshipped  
Beauteous Zara, Islam’s pride,  
But, though not disdained my passion,  
Vainly have I ever sighed.

“ In Granada’s hostile factions  
Our stern fathers stood opposed,  
And Alhama’s Alcayde  
’Gainst our pray’rs his bosom closed.

“ To her haughty sire’s denial  
Duteously my Zara bowed,  
But, to soothe my jealous anguish,  
Ne’er to wed another, vowed.

“ Now no more her haughty father  
Will e’en such poor grace accord,  
But, despite her pray’rs, to-morrow  
Gives her to another lord.

“Zara, at the doom heart-broken,  
Bade me hasten to her bower,  
Plight our wedded troths, and bear her  
From a tyrant father’s power.

“Joyously tow’rds far Alhama  
As my panting courser flew,  
Lo! your Christian band surprised me,  
And for me life’s hopes o’erthrew.

“I, in Antequera’s dungeon  
Pine, the captive of your arms,  
And to-morrow sees my rival  
Master of sad Zara’s charms!

“Vainly sorrowing, will Zara  
Watch for me the live-long night;  
Will, as faithless, curse her Hamet,  
Whilst she loathes the morning’s light.”

Spoke Narvaez. “Noble Hamet,  
He were false to chivalry,  
Who to faithful love’s afflictions  
Could his friendly aid deny.

“ Promise here to stand, my captive,  
Ere to-morrow’s twilight fade,  
And pursue thy love-lorn journey,  
See and soothe the hapless maid.”

Under Zara’s latticed window  
Hamet stands ere break of day.  
“ Hamet, Hamet, with what terror  
Have I watched thy long delay !”

“ Zara, though thou here behold me,  
Love’s forebodings spoke too true !  
Lost, debased, the Christians’ captive,  
I but come to bid adieu !

“ Every pulse with rapture throbbing,  
Hither as I spurred my horse ;  
Cavaliers from Antequera  
Burst, in overwhelming force,

“ On thy solitary lover :  
Rang the plain with war’s alarm !  
And th’ insulting Christian squadron  
Felt the weight of Hamet’s arm.

“ But alone, o’erpowered by numbers,  
    Into Christian bonds I fell ;  
And, through Christian pity, hither  
    Come to breathe a last farewell !”

“ Whilst the bridegroom groans in fetters  
    Can the plighted bride live free ?  
Hamet, deemest thou so lightly  
    Of thy Zara’s love for thee ?

“ Hearts in faithful love united  
    Can they know a separate fate ?  
In the palace, in the dungeon,  
    Zara shares her Hamet’s fate.”

From the walls of Antequera  
    Stout Narvaez gazes keen ;  
Fast the evening shades are falling,  
    No returning captive’s seen.

Sneering spoke a Christian warrior :  
    “ Fondly didst thou, gallant knight,  
Trust the paynim captive’s promise ;  
    Paynim promises are light.”

On the speaker's lips still lingered  
Bigotry's suspicious word;  
Hark! A distant horse's gallop!  
Nearer, and yet nearer heard.

Eager to redeem his promise,  
Lo! the Moorish cavalier,  
Clasping fast a drooping maiden,  
Urges on his swift career.

"Generous Narvaez, let not  
Hamet's name be slander's prey!  
See the partner of my travel—  
Fainting beauty claimed delay.

"If I'm late, in expiation,  
Zara, nobly born, and free,  
Comes a voluntary captive;  
Comes to share my destiny."

"Gallant Moslem," said Narvaez,  
"I misdoubt not noble foes;  
And if, haply, midst my warriors  
Some mistrustful thoughts arose,

“ Pardon thou the base suspicion ;  
And in guerdon of thy truth,  
At my hands accept your freedom,  
Generous maiden, faithful youth.

“ And, lest other Christian warriors  
Fall on your unguarded side,  
Narvaez himself to Ronda  
Shall escort the lovely bride !”

Ronda's watchful Alcayde  
Sees a Christian troop appear ;  
“ To your posts, ye Moslem warriors !  
Lo ! The hour of battle near !”

Straight the Moors have manned their ramparts,  
Ne'er in hour of battle slow ;  
When a cry of wonder rises :—  
“ Hamet ! Hamet leads the foe !”

“ Gallant Alcayde, of Ronda,  
Take from me thy captive son—  
And with him a beauteous daughter  
As that captive's partner won.”



## THE WEDDING RING.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

---

THE Landgravine on her deathbed lay,  
And fast flowed the Landgrave's tears ;  
Their infants—who called from their childish  
play,  
Knelt round, and lifted their hands to pray,—  
She viewed with awakening fears.

She turned on her consort her glazing eye,  
His hand as she feebly press'd,  
And murmured, " You weep to behold me die,  
But time those fast-flowing tears will dry,  
Effacing my form from your breast.

“Some maiden more beautiful than you will  
wed,  
And ah! by a stepdame controlled,  
These innocent fruits of our nuptial bed  
Unnoticed will weep for a mother long dead,  
A father’s affection grown cold.”

“Oh Gertrude, mistrust not my passionate  
love!”  
The Landgrave in agony cried:  
“Of sorrows if I must the cruellest prove,  
If fate from my bosom my consort remove,  
Mine anguish can never subside.

“With no second passion that bosom can glow,  
No beauty again touch my heart;  
For Gertrude, my tears shall unceasingly flow,  
Our infants’ caresses alone, to my woe,  
Of solace a glimm’ring impart.”

A gratified look on her lord she cast,  
And said, “If indeed I be dear,  
Oh, grant my request—of requests my last,  
For life even now I feel ebbing fast—  
The wife and the mother to cheer!

“ Thus constant, that love and regret shall endure  
Through life in your bosom, oh swear !

No rival your faith from my mem’ry e’er lure,  
No stepdame those infants, so joyous and pure,  
E’er blight with untimely despair !

“ This ring, precious bond that proclaimed me  
your bride”—

She gave it him gemmed with a tear ;

“ That death, only death, from my hand could  
divide,

Oh, swear it on yours shall for ever abide  
The pledge of a promise so dear !”

She ceased, and subdued by the tender request,  
He swore as his Gertrude required.

His hand to her bosom she gaspingly pressed,  
Her children in accents inaudible blessed,  
Relaxed her soft grasp, and expired.

A year passed away, and unvarying gloom  
Still hung o’er the widower’s court,  
Still daily the Landgrave wept over the tomb  
Of her he had lost in her beauty’s bloom,  
Wept over his infants at sport.

Another, and still those fair children alone  
Could chase the dark cloud from his brow ;  
The ring on his finger, immoveable, shone,  
And, sighing o'er joys that for ever were flown,  
He daily repeated his vow.

Now blooming and beautiful, witty and gay,  
At court a fair stranger was seen ;  
She sang—ev'ry ear was bewitched by her lay ;  
She danced—with young Zephyr seemed Flora  
to play ;  
She walked—'twas the port of a queen.

The Landgrave advanced with indifferent air  
This idolized stranger to view ;  
He looked and he said, though the lady were fair  
She might not with HER, the lamented, compare ;  
And, sighing, his glance he withdrew.

She blushed at the slight, but with female  
address,  
While tears glistened bright in her eye,  
She stooped, the fair infants intent to caress ;

Then said she admired more than words could  
express,  
A passion so constant and high.

She echoed his sighs, she but smiled when he  
smiled,  
She wept for the pangs he had known,  
Inviting his praises of Gertrude the mild ;  
Her words and her witch'ries his sorrows be-  
guiled,  
Each thought of his heart was her own.

Forgotten is Gertrude ; like visions of night  
His oath from his mind flits away :  
His children but trouble his new-born delight,  
He lives not, unless in the stranger's sight,  
His heart, soul, and mind own her sway.

And now for the lover's best treasure—her  
hand—  
The Landgrave impatiently sues.  
She blushes to hear the unlooked-for demand,  
And trembling recoils from so solemn a band,  
Yet may not his wishes refuse.

All splendour, all pomp for the nuptial morn  
The lover provides in excess ;

Discarded the weeds that speak mourning for-  
lorn,

Rich trappings the halls of the palace adorn,  
And church that his union must bless.

Dark rises the sun that the perjured desires  
The Landgrave now fosters, should crown ;

But vainly ill omens reprove his new fires,

The bride's blushing smile frantic passion in-  
spires,

—The Landgrave defies Heaven's frown.

The prelate, in vain, who persuaded delay,  
Now stands at the altar, though loath ;

The Landgrave enamoured, exulting and gay,

Leads forward the stranger in bridal array,  
Unheedful of children, of oath !

His rapturous passion had wildered his head,  
His soul on its surges was tossed ;

His fancy on dreams of the future had fed ;  
And when with a ring he the lady should wed,  
The ring was forgotten or lost.

All gazed in confusion, till thus spoke the  
bride ;  
“ If lost be the ring you designed,  
Behold on your finger by fortune supplied,  
A jewel by which the blest knot may be tied,  
Our lives that together shall bind !”

She said : from his finger, with amorous haste,  
The Landgrave impatiently tore  
That ring, once the pledge of a love fond as  
chaste ;  
And on his new bride's taper finger he placed  
The jewel his Gertrude erst wore.

The bond of dead Gertrude's connubial love  
More true than her consort was found ;  
His fickle attachment it would not approve,  
But eager from fingers so false to remove  
It crumbled, and dropt on the ground.

The bride the fall'n jewel with wonder surveyed,  
Whilst over the bridegroom there came  
Her image, last seen in her grave-clothes arrayed,  
The vows he had uttered of love undecayed,  
His children—the loathings of shame !

He wept, as he gathered and placed in his  
breast  
The jewel in fragments that lay ;  
His vow's repetition he bade all attest,  
His motherless babes to his bosom he pressed,  
And turned from the syren away.

Then vainly she languished, she smiled, and  
she sighed,  
Th' enchantment she could not renew ;  
Enraged she departed, no longer a bride,  
And he evermore, till the hour that he died,  
To Gertrude's remembrance was true.



THE GREEKS AND THE ENGLISH  
LADY. (°)

By Marmora's still, tideless wave,  
An English lady dwelt in peace,  
And scarcely heard the tempest rave,  
That desolated struggling Greece.

Yet British thoughts of tyrant power,  
And Christian thoughts of faith oppress'd,  
Would sometimes in her quiet bower  
Chequer the sunshine of her breast.

She nursed her babe, she dreamt of home—  
Whilst gazing on the sea,—so dear  
To English hearts abroad that roam,  
When loud complaints assailed her ear.

“ Oh, daughter of the bold, the free,  
Hear, English lady, hear our pray'r !  
With breaking hearts we fly to thee,  
Save thou thy suppliants from despair !

“ Oh, save the husband doomed to die,  
In mercy to his wretched wife !  
List to a daughter's anguished cry,  
And guard her aged father's life !”

“ What sounds of agonising grief  
Burst on my lonely bower's repose ?  
Strangers, why seek from me relief ?  
What dangers menace, or what foes ?”

“ Lady, the best the noblest blood  
Of Greece must on the scaffold flow ;  
Our tyrants, in ferocious mood,  
Aim at each honoured head the blow :

“ And they—the consort and the sire,  
For whom we kneel, convulsed with fear,  
From thy compassion to require  
The safety of two heads so dear ;—

“ Each bears an old illustrious name  
Amongst the few that yet are left,  
Memorials of our vanished fame,  
To soothe a land of all bereft.

“ Oh Lady ! can an English breast  
By pangs like ours unmoved remain ?  
Canst thou behold thy faith oppress'd,  
And guiltless men by tyrants slain ?

“ No ! thou wilt ope thy friendly door,  
Thou wilt receive, protect, conceal,  
Those loved, lost victims, who implore  
Life's self from thy benev'lent zeal !”

And could an English heart remain  
Cold to the wife's, the daughter's cry ?  
No ; prudence' warning voice was vain ;  
“ Go, bring them hither, quickly, fly !”

In haste each death-devoted Greek  
The hospitable call obeyed,  
In danger's hour that bade them seek  
An English roof's protecting shade.

And all that anxious fearful day,  
From persecution's rage concealed,  
Shudd'ring at every sound, they lay;  
The whilst around, through lane and field,

Their prey the savage Moslems sought ;  
And when they near the mansion came,  
Subdued by fear—the lady thought  
No safety dwelt in England's name.

Scared fancy paints her infant's gore  
Staining the vengeful Turkish blade ;  
She clasps her babe, and tears deplore  
Her generous but incautious aid.

But when fierce yells, and dying cries,  
Toll some new victim to the grave,  
Pity prevails, and in her eyes  
Beams proud delight that she can save.

At length the shades of evening fell,  
The day of agony was o'er ;  
Those shouts and shrieks, of death that tell,  
In darkness hushed, were heard no more.

Less wildly heaves the Lady's breast,  
And at her latticed window fair,  
Her infant to her bosom press'd,  
She stands to breath the quickening air ;

And forth from their obscure retreat,  
Half buoyed with hope, half sunk in fear,  
The Greeks advance, their hosts to greet  
And whisper thanks on night's dull ear.

Now o'er the dim and shadowy scene  
The pensive Lady casts her eye ;  
Beneath yon creeper's covert green  
Crouches there not a lurking spy ?

She strains her sight. Swept by the breeze  
An eastern garment floats unbound !  
Chill terrors on her spirit seize,  
Swooning she drops upon the ground.

The Greeks their fallen protectress raise ;  
" Say, Lady, whence this sudden fear ?"  
The lattice draws their anxious gaze,  
Where lo ! two stranger forms appear !

They start—But soft a whisper came,  
“ Oh, let not love like ours affright !”  
In manly garb damsel and dame  
Stood sheltered 'neath the veil of night.

Soon under their assiduous care  
The fainting Lady woke to life,  
Awoke the ecstasies to share  
Of father, daughter, husband, wife.

But now the tender wife's alarm  
Stems the warm tide of gratitude.  
“ Oh, haste thee, fly the murd'rous arm  
Of Turkish fiends athirst for blood !

“ Quick, quick, strip off those robes of state,  
Assume this fisherman's disguise ;  
So shalt thou scape the bigot hate  
Watching thy steps with Argus eyes.”

Their robes of state they cast aside ;  
A bitterer mandate's next obeyed ;  
Resigned their beards—their manhood's pride—  
Both stand in fisher garb arrayed.

So from thy Lady's roof they part,  
So safely reach the mountain land,  
Where Greeks, who boast a Grecian heart,  
For freedom fight—a gallant band!

# POEMS

UPON SEVERAL PUBLIC EVENTS.





# POEMS

UPON SEVERAL PUBLIC EVENTS.

---

## ELEGY TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,

ON HIS EXILE TO ST. HELENA.

---

GIGANTIC offspring of a petty isle,  
Rude, savage, known but as it's neighbours'  
slave!  
Genially on thy birth did nature smile,  
While Fortune crowned th' endowments Nature  
gave.

VOL. II.

N

Oh ! how magnificent the destiny  
Those bounteous goddesses for thee designed!  
To rule, to quell the storm of anarchy  
By superiority of fame and mind.

A nation, irritated by the yoke  
Of hard oppression, of annoying wrong,  
Rising in fierce revenge, the shackles broke  
Whose burthen crushed the weak, frenzied the  
strong.

The soul such shackles wound, and such wounds  
gall,  
Engendering venom in each cankered sore;  
Until th' insane, emancipated thrall  
Crimsons each broken link, ingrained with gore.

Oh, then, what inebriety of crime  
Ensued ! Licence usurped fair freedom's name,  
Dishonouring that stolen title, erst sublime,  
With brands indelible of vice and shame.

Murder then reigned, confessed sole power divine !  
Age, piecemeal torn by ruffian violence,  
Began the sacrifices at his shrine,  
Where beauty bled, with youthful innocence;

Where pastors, who the creed of mercy taught,  
Were slaughtered, of their creed disdain to prove;  
Where the meek king, who scarcely owned a thought  
Save, for his family and people, love;

His noble consort, formed all hearts to sway;  
His sainted sister, sainted ev'n on earth;  
With wisdom, wit, and genius, victims lay,  
With virtue, heroism, and patriot worth:

With cloistered nuns, a sacred hymn who raised,  
In tones unfaltering, on their road to death,  
Beneath the axe, who their Creator praised,  
The anthem ceasing with the last nun's breath.

For thee these crimes, for thee this sea of blood;  
That thou, remote, midst soldiers' glorious toils,  
By guilt unspotted, on the swelling flood  
Might'st ride triumphant, gathering the spoils.

To thee, high raised by military fame,  
The task was given guilt's tempest to allay:—  
A splendid task, that might have dimmed the name  
Of Washington, beside thy brighter ray!

For easier task was his; to lead a race  
In freedom bred, who ampler freedom sought;  
His glory, that, unlured by power and place,  
He proved 'twas but for liberty he fought.

Hadst thou the victor's truncheon thus laid down,  
By thee, from licence cleansed, had freedom  
reigned;  
Or to the heir hadst thou restored the crown,  
And despotism by chartered rights restrained;

What name has history that could compete  
With thine, in virtue's, fame's pre-eminence!  
Mankind had knelt to worship at thy feet,  
As incarnation of all excellence.

But not thus nobly thine ambition soared;  
A conqueror's vulgar glory was thine aim.  
The hero, who by all might be adored,  
Sank to a Cæsar's, to a Cromwell's name!

A Cromwell's? Heaven forefend I thus degrade  
Our wise usurper, who, with steady hand  
Ruling, by no vain-glorious dreams betrayed,  
Taught Europe to revere his native land!

To thee proud France seemed nothing, when possessed,  
Still onward mad ambition urged its flight;  
Subverted thrones, nations subdued, oppressed,  
Could but to wilder enterprise incite.

And lo, the fruits! Of freedom, crown thou'rt reft,  
Reft ev'n of nature's ties,—that to the worst  
In exile, in captivity, are left,—  
Europe, the fetters of her thralldom burst,

Avenging th' infamy of her long dread,  
Has upon ocean's distant, lonely rock,  
Sullenly pillowed thy defenceless head;  
Where baffling waves the land's fallen despot  
mock!

UPON THE BREAKING OUT OF  
THE GREEK INSURRECTION.

---

OH Greece! Beloved and honoured name,  
The wonders of whose early age  
Yet kindle generous love of fame  
In warrior, artist, poet, sage!

Thy later years, steeped in disgrace,  
In slavery, cowardice, and pain—  
Oh why must sufferings so base  
Thy page of history profane!

Yet recollections of thy glory  
So fondly cling around the breast,  
That we but weep thy shameful story,  
And each harsh censure is suppressed.

Thine was fair Freedom's natal earth,  
Thine offspring every nobler art;  
And oratory owes her birth  
To thy free thoughts, thy patriot heart.

'Twas at thy Socrates' command  
Philosophy forsook the skies;  
Thy Phidias 'neath his plastic hand  
Saw forms of gods, of heroes rise.

Thy rich mellifluous tongue inspired  
The poet's loftiest, sweetest strains;  
And music from such verse acquired  
The power that holds the soul in chains.

What thou couldst once for freedom dare,  
Bloodstained Thermopylæ may tell;  
Thebes, Athens, Corinth, may declare  
For liberty how tyrants fell.

And from this dazzling exaltation,  
Couldst thou thus sink in grief and shame,  
Nor memory of thy former station  
Urge thee to re-assert thy name?



Yes, thou art fall'n ! A Tartar race  
Lords it o'er thy devoted plains ;  
Indignant Genius hides his face  
And flies from his degraded fanes.

But hark ! What cries salute mine ear,  
Loud ringing from thy distant clime ?  
Cries of war ! Freedom ! Greece ! I hear—  
Cries that recall a better time.

Alas ! 'tis but a splendid dream—  
Such dreams the poet's slumbers haunt,  
Painting some dearly cherished theme  
In hues the orient morn might vaunt.

No ! 'Tis no dream ! Thou wilt be free !  
Greece ! Hellas ! Name of deeper feeling !  
Each heart is throbbing high for thee,  
Each voice its pæans loudly pealing.

Seek not from a barbarian lord,  
Despot of boundless, frozen plains,  
Those succours he would but afford  
To vary, not to break thy chains.

Arise, in stern resolve arise,  
Unite all hands, all hearts unite !  
Revive those days of high emprise,  
When Asia trembled at thy might!

Marathon, Salamis, renew !  
Fight, but as Hellas fought of yore !  
To vengeance sacrifice as due  
And wash thy soil with lustral gore !

Her polished sons then Europe sending,  
—A generous, sympathizing band  
Thy struggles gallantly befriending—  
Shall chase th' intruder from thy land.

And when thy sacred groves and streams  
In slavery no longer sigh,  
When freedom o'er Parnassus gleams  
And Athens' fetters broken lie,

Then science, genius, shall rejoice,  
Seeking their long forsaken reign ;  
Then once again the muse's voice  
Shall breathe thy sweet melodious strain,

Then, Hellas, shall thine honoured name  
Beloved by warrior, poet, sage,  
Be once more by the pen of fame  
Inscribed on the historic page! (\*)

## WATERLOO.

UPON VISITING THE FIELD OF BATTLE IN THE  
SPRING OF 1823.

---

Proud field of Waterloo, to latest years  
Of time's revolving centuries renowned !  
What streams of British blood, of British tears,  
With consecrating virtue dye thy ground !

Warriors, who many a wearisome campaign  
Had borne, the battle's brunt had often stood,  
Endured the desert's drought, the tropic's rain,  
Fatten thy plenteous harvests with their blood.

Yet weep not ! Wherefore should a selfish grief  
On valour's laurel dim th' unfading bloom ?  
Seek not, ye mourners, in vain tears relief,  
But in fame's halo gilding each loved tomb.

Oft France and England, rival nations still,  
Contended for the loftiest warrior name;  
Chiefs, for the wreath of military skill,  
Soldiers, for reckless daring's blood-stained  
fame.

But here, the fate of Europe hung in doubt;  
Shudd'ring she watched the ever varying fight—  
And now the Gaul's terrific charging shout  
Struck on her ear;—a spirit-withering blight!

Again ambition in triumphant course,  
She trembling saw, mock at all human laws,  
The ties of wedded love, blood's kindred force,  
And man's quick passion in his fellow's  
cause.

Now her glad eye a different scene beheld,  
And hope again rose buoyant in her breast;  
Here Britons the unceasing charge repelled,  
As, Hougoumont, thy battered walls attest.

Here living masses, strong in heart, hand, eye,  
Unflinchingly the furious onset meet;  
The foe, amazed, repulsed, recoils to fly—  
Cannon and horse o'erwhelm each swift retreat.

And here, beneath this elm-tree's hallowed shade,  
Success or death his sternly settled choice,  
THE HERO stood, the desperate field surveyed,  
And cheered his suffering host with look and  
voice.

Europe and Asia still had seen enthroned  
Victory, glory, in that eagle eye;  
But here 'gainst *him*, war's mighty master owned,  
He first a doubtful battle's chance must try.

To paint his soul, how lab'ring fancy strives  
Through all the changes of that fateful day!  
At stake his early fame, unnumbered lives,  
His country's freedom, haughty Gallia's sway.

Oh cease ! Presume not thus to scrutinize  
The sanctuary of a hero's soul !  
To ask, as o'er this death-field ranged his eyes,  
If on his bosom gentler feelings stole ;

Or, rising on the battle's swelling tide,  
If only the tremendous charge assigned,  
With conscious mastery, high genius' pride,  
And dauntless resolution, filled his mind.

Stationed aloft on yon opposing hill,  
The man whose unslaked thirst of boundless  
power,  
Whose giant talents, and more giant will,  
Constrained all Europe at his feet to cower,

Untaught by Spain, confiding in his might,  
Wond'ring to meet a foe in arms arrayed,  
Impatiently awaited England's flight ;—  
And saw his eagle's wing for ever stayed !

Weep not for those who in such conflict fell,  
A sacrifice heaven's anger to assuage,  
Ambition, treachery, tyranny, to quell,  
And half the globe redeem from conquest's rage!

Weep, if the gen'rous sacrifice were vain,  
If only genius fell, not tyranny;  
If justice still be powerless to restrain,  
And still oppression wait who would be free.

And was it vain? No!—If insatiate pow'r  
Still aim at liberty the venom'd stroke,  
Attempt here, empires, nations to devour,  
There, ev'ry solemn promise to revoke,

A coward policy the scheme defeats,  
Folly or blindness mars ambition's views.  
Long suffering Greece (?) of vengeance quaffs the  
sweets,  
And Spanish freedom Gaul's best blood bedews!

Whilst Britain from her envied eminence,  
In wealth, in peace, in liberty secure,  
With pitying smile sees passion's violence  
Feebly malign a glory proud as pure;



Unawed, as unprovoked, to struggling slaves,  
Proved worthy freedom, temperate aid extends;  
And still *his* name, who stemmed ambition's waves,  
Her gratitude with each thanksgiving blends.

Then weep not, but upon th' eventful field  
Gaze with religious, reverential awe;  
Yet shall its horrors fruitful harvests yield  
Of liberty secured by equal law.

And shall ev'n glory's visions thus possess  
The bard? Shall poesy-touched spirit blame  
Tears, which restrained the aching heart oppress?  
Tears feed the warrior's as the poet's flame.

Nature's best boon, from every human eye,  
The hero's as the tender maid's, they stream,  
Blending kind sympathies with valour high:—  
Gemmed by such dews ev'n laurels fairer gleam.

# IRREGULAR ODE TO LIBERTY,

ON THE FAILURE OF THE SPANISH AND ITALIAN  
INSURRECTIONS.

---

## I.

OH for a Muse of fire,  
Who, kindling with her theme,  
To sing the glorious dream,  
Fair Liberty, of thine incipient reign,  
Might wake anew the mute Pindaric lyre!  
Uprising at th' inspiring sound  
Mankind should echo back the strain,  
And many a nation round—  
Some in oppression's iron fetters bound,  
Others enmeshed in slavery's subtler snare,

VOL. II. O

Veiled under flowery garlands, sweet and fair,  
Whose fragrance melts the soul in luxury—  
—All—soared my numbers to the subject's  
height—

All, at the song of liberty,  
From terror, torpor, death, should start  
To champion manhood's noblest right!  
Whilst at the boding tone  
Tyranny's coward heart  
Should trembling, shrinking, crouch beneath  
her tottering throne.

## II.

Breathed this imperfect hymn of praise  
Half mine impassioned spirit's force,  
Each triumph of thy splendid course  
Should live reflected in my fervid lays!  
But ever shall those lays disclaim  
All that usurps dishonouring thy name.  
Not thine the Bacchanalian rage  
Maddening in boastful Gallia's veins,  
Her fairest laurels that distains,  
A suicidal war whilst her sons wage;

Then, changing, into conquest's frenzy growing;  
Then, sobering, to such sickly tameness turned,  
As, all her dearly purchased rights o'erthrow-  
ing,  
Made her the abject slave  
First of the guilty brave,  
Then of the broken sceptre, lately spurned,  
When fierce resentment burned.

## III.

Nor thine the nightmare-dream  
Of maudlin inebriety,  
From which once glorious Italy,  
A drivelling beldam grown,  
Awakened, Austria's thrall;  
Scarcely, when most her shackles gall,  
In whispers venturing to moan;  
Whose bitterest murmurs but mirth-stirring  
jests  
To coarser spirits seem;  
Whilst in more generous breasts  
E'en pity's self disdains such base degen'racy.

## IV.

Nor thine the lurid glare  
From Gallia's phosphorescent blaze  
Reflected on the tempest-brooding air,  
Though Spain—so recently who from the yoke  
Of that insatiate conqueror, Europe's dread,  
Revolted, with an energy that spoke  
The spirit of her better days—  
Mistook the transitory flare,  
Of putrefaction bred,  
For thine ethereal fire;  
Kindled from heaven's own purest ray,  
Fed on the noblest sentiments that sway  
The human heart; whose generous flames inspire  
Britannia's sons with scorn of toil and danger  
If native tyrant chartered rights destroy,  
Or victory's spoiled child, in battle's joy  
Exulting, and, perforce, a stranger  
To free-born man's unwearying fortitude,  
Half Europe force obedience to yield,  
Then, her collected thunders wield,  
Thy tempest-shattered fane to drown in British  
blood.

## v.

Sweet mountain nymph ! who in our ocean-  
home,  
Or 'neath some ice-built dome  
Of old Helvetia's Alpine snows  
For centuries hast dwelt,  
Until the natives of each happy land  
Thee, their compatriot have felt !  
Others, who envying viewed  
The blessings that thy liberal hand  
Upon thy votaries bestows,  
Thy smiles impetuously wooed—  
But ah ! in guise so rude,  
That with disordered garb, distempered mien,  
And eye averting from the loathsome scene  
A glance of mingled sorrow, wrath, disdain,  
Thou from the ruffian grasp  
Bursting, oh Liberty !  
Didst the detested race  
To licence leave, to brutal anarchy,  
And blasphemy profane ;  
Seeking in thy Britannia's filial clasp  
A holier resting place.

## VI.

May this, our ocean-bulwarked isle,  
Ever remain thy chosen seat !  
Ever our offspring—who to greet  
Yet more securely thine unclouded smile  
The rough Atlantic billows dared—  
Worship those smiles with fervour unimpaired !  
Never ambition's dangerous pride  
Our hearts or theirs from thee estrange !  
Ne'er visionary love of change  
Seduce to forfeiture of blessings tried !  
But, goddess, lasts thy wrath for ever ?  
Nations by tyrant force or fraud undone,  
Ay, even such as have deserved their doom,  
Their chains must they ne'er hope to sever ?  
Never for them, through slavery's midnight  
    gloom,  
Shall Hope's Aurora blush herald the rising  
    sun ?

## VII.

Away with the ungenerous thought !  
Whene'er—not youth's unruly blood

Nor sudden passion's reckless mood,  
But—man, by suffering's bitterness and length  
His constant soul to desperation wrought,  
And from that desperation gathering strength,  
Has risen resolved, and on his tyrant rushed,  
However lasting, terrible the fight,  
Humanity's Antæan might  
Th' oppressor's power has crushed.

## VIII.

E'en Afric's sable sons, a race our pride  
To own as fellow-men denied,  
By their white masters' injuries maddened  
Have terribly avenged the wrongs endured.  
Behold ! Their woolly brows by freedom glad-  
dened,  
They mock at scourge and chain  
And unresisted reign  
O'er that Haytian soil their blood and tears  
manured.

## IX.

See the adjacent coast  
Pregnant with sunny gold,



And gems, that dazzlingly unfold  
The rainbow's varying colours yet more bright;  
Whose flowery plains rival that jewelled boast;  
Whose melting fruits invite to thirst;  
Whose mountain snows of ne'er-thawed, virgin  
white

Mask fires in darkness nursed  
A blazing deluge o'er the land to burst.  
Three different races there, in slavery long  
Groaned under Spain's still growing load of  
wrong;

—One her own offspring—all condemned to  
bear

The Inquisition's heaven-profaning flames,  
Oppression, plunder, toil, hopeless despair,  
And many a paltry, irritating ill,  
Pastimes of tyranny's rare skill—  
Till, stung by injuries and shames,  
The mingled nations, erst inveterate foes  
Avenging on each other common woes,  
Sudden, unanimous in will,  
Against their tyrant lord  
Arose in terrible accord!

## X.

But not America's to wake  
The sympathies that deepest shake  
Our bosoms, thrilling upon every nerve !  
No ! There are feelings loftier, holier, dearer,  
Feelings, the parents of each generous thought ;  
Of youth's wild patriotism, a passion clearer  
From dross of selfishness,  
Or sordid fear's impress,  
Purer, ev'n in extravagance, than aught  
Our hearts in riper years preserve.  
And of these holy feelings, source of flame,  
Hellas, thy name !

## XI.

Oh Hellas ! dear to all who genius love !  
Although the coward violence  
Slavery engenders in the noblest race  
Thy victories disgrace,  
With sympathy intense  
Thy struggles, thy success those spirits move,  
Who, whilst they mourned o'er thy degraded state,  
Humanity itself esteemed degenerate !

## XII.

Thy conflicts with the Moslem tribes  
Of faith, worth, country, who despoiled  
Thy sons, shall cleanse thee from whate'er has  
soiled

Those finer qualities, the muse ascribes  
To thine Hellenic heroes of old story,  
Rich in all attributes of sense and mind,  
Instructors, lode-stars of mankind,  
Breathing but in an atmosphere of glory!  
Those high endowments—deemed of yore  
Spontaneous harvests of Hellenic earth—  
Only in Liberty's warm sunshine thrive;  
Her beams eclipsed, they are no more!  
Again on the benighted clime,  
Pour, goddess, thine unclouded radiancy,  
And Hellas shall again give birth  
To genius, patriotism sublime,  
To all that wakens emulous sympathy,  
Bestowing lofty fame, time's self that shall  
survive!

## ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATHS OF BRITISH STATESMEN.

---

ALAS ! How many a celebrated name  
 By England treasured, ev'n in her heart's core,  
 Has perished in the zenith of that fame  
 Which high and generous spirits must adore !

What if, perchance, on points of policy  
 The lost ones differed, if what these approved,  
 Those, with inveterate hostility,  
 Condemned as by the powers of darkness moved ?

Shall man to judge his fellow man presume ?  
 Shall human frailty, in its arrogance,  
 Assert infallibility, and doom  
 As guilt, what haply is but seen askance ?

Their course though different, their goal the same ;  
All to promote their country's weal aspire,  
Would, of her happiness as authors, fame,  
Perennial as that happiness, acquire.

But different natures different perils fear:—  
These from the frenzy of democracy  
See ruin overwhelm a hemisphere ;  
Whilst ardent worshippers of Liberty,

Esteem whatever ills her steps attend,  
Spoliation, exile, civil warfare, death,  
Endurable, and nothing apprehend  
But slavery's lethargic, palsyng breath.

Spirits thus differing, if they jarred in life,  
Let not their enmity disturb the tomb !  
If conscious of the past, they know their strife,  
Fruit but of errors that midst virtues bloom.

Then heed not what the party titles borne,  
Whilst mourning statesmen, in their manhood's  
prime  
By empire's toils, by senate-conflict worn  
To age untimely—Martyrdom sublime !

First of the series Pitt:—who beardless held,  
 And held for years, the rudder of the State,  
 Gaul's hurricane of anarchy repelled,  
 And care-exhausted died—a timeless fate!

Next his great rival, Fox!—To me endeared  
 By recollections, ev'n of infancy;  
 My half-formed accents lisped that name revered,  
 Its meed indulgence and festivity.

For Liberty his love how pure, intense,  
 That in her votaries guilt could scarce admit!  
 How potent in debate his eloquence!  
 In social intercourse how gay his wit!

And hardly has he grasped the ruling helm,  
 Whilst eagerly we look to see displayed  
 His mildly vigorous conduct of the realm;—  
 Beside his rival's tomb we see him laid!

Then Romilly,—who, if the cares of State  
 He 'scaped, that rack the ministerial breast,  
 Our blood-stained code toiled to ameliorate,  
 By private legal duties whilst oppressed;

In senatorial labours took large share,  
Till nature failed; and when domestic woe  
Fell heavy, strength to wrestle with despair  
Was gone—reeling he sank beneath the blow.

Castlereagh follows—firm, through arduous years,  
Against Napoleon's giant power who stood;  
Triumphed; and whilst triumphant he appears,  
Proves health and mind o'erthrown—in his own  
blood.

Two deeds of blood!—Is a less awful doom  
Allotted Liverpool, whom all respect?  
Paralysis, that to a living tomb  
Consigns th' o'erwrought, o'erwearied intellect.

Canning the last—Canning, who formed to shine  
Amidst the Senate's stormiest debate,  
Could fancy, wit, with reas'ning's force combine,  
And ev'n his adversaries fascinate!

With bold ambition he, to power supreme  
Early aspiring, worked his upward way;  
Just reached the realizing of his dream,  
And a yet untried Premier fell—death's prey!

Is it the lot of genius to consume  
Untimely thus, his o'er-excited frame ?  
Is't dread of failure seals these statesmen's doom ?  
Morbidity susceptibility to blame ?

Not all of frame, nerve, mind, so finely wrought :  
'Tis to official duty's toil severe,  
The labour of incessant anxious thought,  
These envied great ones owe their early bier !

Ambition, patriotism, sov'reignty's cares,  
So heavy if the burthen that ye lay  
On human strength, that fortitude despairs—  
Happy are those required but to obey !



## ODE

TO THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, ON HER FIRST VISIT  
TO ENGLAND.

---

1, 1.

FAIR bud of royalty,  
Within whose yet closed blossom sleep  
A nation's hopes, a nation's destiny !  
Mother-like shall the minstrel weep  
That tropic sun's o'erpowering glow,  
And whirlwinds, raging high,  
Untimely from thy parent tree  
Have plucked thee, and on life's wild sea,  
Tossed by conflicting tempests to and fro,  
Have cast thee, to contend with wind and wave;  
Or, floating on the billows' foam,  
Chance-driven, to find thy destined home,—  
A palace, or a grave ?

## 1, 2.

Or, touched with nobler fire,  
Shall I not rather lift my voice,  
With bolder finger wake the golden lyre,  
And with exulting soul rejoice  
That, whilst no single selfish thought,  
No passion's breathings dire,  
Soil thy yet blushless innocence,  
Fortune upon an eminence,  
With duties, perils, pains and glories fraught,  
Has placed thee, cynosure of human sight,  
To prove and purify thy worth,  
And struggling earn the throne, by birth  
And subjects' love, thy right?

## 1, 3.

Alas! how early is't thy doom  
To share the toils of bearded men!  
To lose thy native land's perfume,—  
Infancy's pleasures, never known again,—  
A father's kiss,—  
A daughter's bliss,—

The happy helplessness that knows  
No weary forethought for the morrow,  
Whose tears of evanescent sorrow  
Seem dewdrops on the rose, [disclose.  
Brightening the loveliest tints its opening leaves

2, 1.

But if stern fate refuse  
Thy tender years' accustomed sports,  
In compensation thou with them shalt lose  
The enervating joys of courts;—  
Falsehood's phantasmagorian arts;—  
Flatt'ry's chameleon hues,  
Reflecting an illusive dye  
On all that meets the mental eye;—  
Unsocial pomp that chills the warmest hearts.  
Thou from such spirit-blighting atmosphere,  
Breeding a haughty selfishness  
Even in natures formed to bless,  
Art snatched, from taint yet clear.

2, 2.

Loftily destined child!  
Thou shalt inhale a healthier air;  
Heav'n has on thee through persecution smiled.  
Thrown helpless upon strangers' care,

Thy royal heart shall learn to know,  
From state and pomp exiled,  
Those generous sympathies that bind  
In social union humankind;—  
The rapt'rous tears from gratitude that flow.—  
A kinsman's treachery shall teach thy youth  
What pangs the injured bosom wring,  
How deeply wounds injustice' sting,  
How past all price is truth.

2, 3.

Kind Heav'n, in further act of grace,  
Has giv'n thee to behold a land  
Where free-born men, a hardy race,  
For king and country fight with heart and hand;  
Where thou may'st learn  
Such slaves to spurn  
As tamely crouch to despot sway,  
And dance to their own fetters' rattle;  
Turning as tamely from the battle  
In fierce invasion's day,  
Or when usurpers make the monarch's crown  
their prey.

P ?

## 3, 1.

Here shalt thou learn to prize  
The freeman's bluntly honest speech  
Howe'er at times in peremptory guise  
Unpalatable truths it teach ;—  
His frank unhesitating zeal  
Ready to sacrifice  
Home's joys, in peace that round him fling  
Their witch'ry, seize his arms, and spring,  
To war at injured royalty's appeal ;—  
His gen'rous eagerness, that, murm'ring, blames  
Him, whose stern duty 'tis to weigh,  
Ere he give licence to the fray,  
Thousand conflicting claims.

## 3, 2.

Princess, by courts unstained,  
When in adversity's rough school  
Thou to a sov'reign's duties shalt be trained,  
Thyself and subjects taught to rule ;

Then ask of HIM, whose royal will  
 Laws' shackles ne'er disdained,  
 Monarch beloved on chartered throne,  
 Whose bosom melts at pity's tone ;—  
 And ask of HIM, master of that dread skill,  
 Whose sport o'erthrows, whose pow'r redeems a  
     state,  
 HIM, who the battle's thunders wields,  
 Who over hard-contested fields  
 Presides, the Lord of Fate ;—

## 3, 3.

Then ask the boon denied thee now ;  
 Such potent succours as may tear  
 From thy usurping kinsman's brow  
 The diadem Heav'n destines thee to wear.  
 Crowned Queen, be thine  
 The task divine,  
 The flame of liberty to raise,  
 To waken slaves to Freedom's gladness,  
 Allay the trembling bigot's madness,  
 Clear ignorance' blind maze!  
 So shall Maria's name in deathless splendor blaze!

## IRREGULAR ODE,

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, UPON THE REMOVAL  
OF THE LAST RELIGIOUS RESTRICTIONS.

---

## I.

HEART, frame, and spirit glowing  
With purest joy,  
That blood, nor tears, nor sighs, alloy,  
I strike the golden lyre with daring hand,  
Eager in rude but fervent lays  
With patriotic gratitude o'erflowing,  
To celebrate his praise  
Who shines the day-star of my native land.

II.

The warrior's fame with kindling pride,  
 With triumph-beaming eyes my voice has sung,  
 Whilst on the quivering lashes hung  
 Sad pity's tear undried.  
 For if enthusiast woman's adoration  
 Enshrine the Hero, whose high deeds  
 Uphold the cause of right,  
 Who, champion of an outraged nation,  
 For justice, virtue, duty bleeds,  
 She shrinks in horror from the pictured fight,  
 Faints at the images her fancy shows  
 Of battle's woes.

III.

And man, in lawlessly ambitious mood,  
 Or, stranger, fired by generous love of fame,  
 Can man through carnage, blood,  
 Death-moan, and shriek of agony,  
 And desolating flame,  
 Unflinching press onward to his aim ?



And stranger still, can child of Poesy,  
Whose passionate sensibility  
Thrills every nerve with joy or pain,  
Dazzled by valour's meteor blaze,  
Inebriate with applauding shouts  
Of rabble routs,  
Can he for ruthless conqueror raise  
His immortality conferring strain ?

## IV.

My country's Hero, ne'er hast thou  
Such baleful honours reaped !  
The laurels shadowing thy brow  
Thou hadst rejected, if in curses steeped  
Of wretches, to exalt thy name undone.  
How differently were those laurels won !  
Britannia saw the nations round  
Trampled beneath a Despot's foot,  
She heard their fetters' clanking sound,  
Slav'ry's fear-stifled groan  
And supplication mute,  
The Tyrant's threats against her throne,—  
Liberty's ripened fruit ;—

And to the conflict sent her mightiest son,  
Champion of Europe, as her own !

## v.

Yet heroes' laurels blood perforce must stain,  
Even the patriot Hero's, even thine;  
And victory's pæans grate on hearts that pine  
For victims sacrificed at battle's fane.

## vi.

The scene is changed ! A milder light,  
A glory softer, not less bright,  
Irradiates thy brow !  
Thine own victorious hand  
Has sheathed war's deadly brand,  
To grasp, not Cincinnatus' tranquil plough,  
But the laborious helm,  
Steering the storm-tost bark,  
The struggling, victory-wearied realm  
Through heavy-rolling waves, that mark  
The bygone tempest's rage.  
An arduous task !

Whose urgent difficulties ask,  
Not mere experience, dully sage,  
The master-mind,  
Genius' bright spark,  
An honest love of humankind,  
And dauntless fortitude;—  
Less tried, perchance, in scenes of blood.

## VII.

The awful enterprise  
Whose difficulty, pain, and toil  
Might loftiest spirits foil,  
In consummation of thy high renown  
For thee, bold, generous, wise,  
Heav'n destined, civic wreaths entwining  
Amidst thy laurel crown;  
That, with more splendid brightness shining  
Through hallowed oakleaves' soberer hue,  
The stubborn'st heart to reverence shall subdue.

## VIII.

The triumphs of thy peaceful sway  
Emulate Waterloo's eventful day!

Thy powerful hand  
Has crushed the iron rod  
With which the bigot at his tyrant pleasure  
Delights to break the sacred band  
Betwixt his brother man and God.  
The bigot, scoffing as idolatry  
At whatsoe'er transcends his own belief;  
Cursing as guiltier infidelity  
Faith of a lowlier measure.  
Their great Deliverer's name  
In characters of flame  
Stamped on the souls of pious votaries, freed  
By thee from humbling grief,  
Shall rise to Heav'n, upborne  
On prayers and thanksgivings, night and morn  
Poured forth in each emancipated creed !

## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

---

HARK to that dismal note ! the passing bell !  
Whose single, heavy, awe-inspiring tone  
With minute pauses startles us, to tell  
That from some fellow-mortal life has flown.

And hark ! an echo to the grief-fraught sound !  
Another and another ! more and more !  
And now incessant tollings all around  
Some general calamity deplore.

Here, where whilst thousands weep, thousands  
rejoice,  
What death so universal a lament  
Awakens, that each church her iron voice  
Lifts up, in chorus mourning one event ?

Said you the King? The father of the land,  
 So long who governed us in peace and love?  
 Himself unseen, who on the ruling hand  
 Acted like mystic influence from above?

And art thou gone? thou whom in infancy  
 Imagination pictured half divine,  
 With all thy beauty, grace, and witchery,  
 Exalted station, as exalted line.

Thou whom my youth beheld, with blushing cheek,  
 The very cynosure of woman's thought;  
 In whose bright smile virtue herself proved weak,  
 Yet glorying in such shame destruction sought.

In whom all I was lessoned to admire,  
 Philosophers, wits, poets, patriots, praised  
 A taste refined, sympathy's genial fire,  
 Manhood's best feelings, but too warm that  
 blazed.

Thou rul'st—my brightest dreams are realized  
 By the achievements honouring thy reign!  
 Europe, in terror's agony, disguised  
 As admiration of her splendid bane,

Lay trembling, crouching at a Conqu'ror's foot,  
And though her Hero fought, ev'n Britain feared.  
Thou bad'st alarm and calumny be mute,  
And on his arduous path that Hero cheered.

Thee Europe thanks as war's red horrors cease,  
To thee her kings owe their recovered thrones;  
And thine that best of gifts, a holier peace  
Twixt hostile Faiths, grateful religion owns.

And thou art gone! over the brilliant scene  
The curtain falls! Another monarch reigns,  
Whose image, howe'er gracious, has not been  
Blended, like thine, with past delights and  
pains.

Thy death seems life's whole character to change;  
Its Spring and Summer seasons fade away,  
Its glittering pageantries grow dim and strange,  
As dreams, or tales for age's winter day.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



1

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

### ODE TO FORTUNE.

---

FROM many a tale of ancient days  
In epic told, or tragic lays,  
Or Ovid's lighter page,  
We learn that he whose human pride  
A goddess or a god defied,  
Groaned 'neath Heav'n's vengeful rage.

Andromeda's impending fate  
Sprang from offended sea-nymphs' hate ;  
When hapless Ilion fell,  
Pallas' and Juno's slighted charms  
Called their Greek votaries to arms,  
And woke the battle's yell.

Nay ev'n the softest Pow'r above,  
Goddess of beauty and of love,  
Of blushing smile and sigh—  
If angered she in wrath inspires  
The guilty, the disgraceful fires  
That shamed antiquity!

Alas! each moral-freighted strain  
Unthinking mortals read in vain!  
By every one in turn  
Bitter experience must be bought;  
And by example man untaught  
In suffering's school must learn.

Thus I, though from mine earliest youth  
An eager searcher after Truth,  
Whether she brightly shine  
In lay with poesy that glows,  
Or whether in pedestrian prose  
She veil her form divine;

I revelled in each wondrous tale,  
But though with midnight study pale  
No warning inference drew;

In fancied wisdom disbelieved  
The wrath of deities aggrieved ;—  
And find the story true !

Goddess, before whose rolling wheel  
Mankind unanimously kneel  
Half clamorous, half mute,  
With sceptic vanity imbued,  
Midst an adoring multitude,  
Durst I thy power dispute ?

Too oft has an irreverend jest  
Mine incredulity expressed ;  
As oft in graver hour  
On philosophic reasoning bent,  
With as irreverend argument  
Have I disproved thy pow'r.

Have boasted, arrogant of soul,  
That judgment ever must control  
Man's failure or success ;  
That whoso wisely shaped his course,  
Advancing steadily, perforce  
Prosperity must bless.

Goddess, alas ! and thou hast heard  
Mine every unhallowed word !  
Thou, like thy sisters fair,  
Hast well avenged whate'er could vex !  
For ev'n 'mongst gods the weaker sex  
Seems malice most to bear.

Mine arrogance thou hast subdued ;  
By persecutions still renewed  
My scepticism compelled,  
Humbly repentant, to confess  
No talents may command success  
By judgment though upheld ;

That boundless, uncontrolled, thy power  
Can upon worthless favourites shower,  
Wealth, titles, friends and fame ;  
And luckless merit can deprive  
Ev'n of the fame, for which to strive,  
Is merit's fondest aim.

But, Goddess ! since avenged thou art,  
Since what most stains the female heart  
Thy vengeance has confessed,

Be woman not in fault alone !  
Her melting pity too be shown  
An inmate of thy breast !

Is't not enough—a triumph sweet—  
The scoffer humbled, at thy feet  
A suppliant to see ?  
To hear, in accents of deep shame,  
The voice that taunted thee disclaim  
Such vain philosophy ?

Oh! thus contented, smile benign  
On me, now prostrate at thy shrine,  
My penitence admit !  
And doubly thus display thy might,  
Enriching as thy convertite  
Whom late thine anger hit.

Nor, Goddess, was my crime so great  
It should incur eternal hate ;  
My doubts thy blindness moved  
More than thy pow'r ; and was't offence  
To deem Thee prompt to recompense  
Talents and worth approved ?

Then smile, and with a golden dew  
Vigour and life bestow anew  
On all those vanities  
That only in thine influence thrive;  
Around whose blossoms swarms a hive  
Of summer's gilded flies,

Who, bred and fostered in thy court,  
With fluttering insolence disport  
Their gaudy glittering wings,  
And vaunt thy fondness, which profuse  
To them concedes thy gifts' abuse,  
Yields merit to their stings!

Too true the vaunt! That thus they shine  
Ev'n that they live is gift of thine;  
Be but thy rays concealed  
They droop, decline, and disappear,  
As reason, with Ithuriel-spear,  
Their nothingness revealed.

With these light shapes of painted air,  
Let me in thy maternal care,  
Thine heritage rejoice!

Then thy transcendent pow'r and worth  
I'll sing, beyond the bounds of earth  
Whilst echo bears my voice.

But if perverse, in ranc'rous mood  
O'er past offences still thou brood  
And penitence reject,  
Forget not that the Muse's child,  
Though Poesy breathe influence mild,  
Revolts against neglect.

Again, regardless of thy frown,  
Contented though in russet gown,  
I'll laugh thy power to scorn,  
With frolic jest, in careless verse ;  
And weighty syllogisms rehearse  
Proving thou ne'er wast born ;

Till ev'n the votaries at thy shrine  
Blush to have fancied thee divine,  
And touched with gen'rous shame,  
Scorning, by thee if giv'n, success,  
Their every faculty address  
To virtue's nobler aim !



## IRREGULAR ODE,

UPON HEARING AN ITALIAN IMPROVVISATORE.

## I.

CAN this be inspiration? This light flame,  
That, upon every chance-selected theme,  
Thus bids at will its coruscations gleam?  
Can genius thus, unchangeably the same,  
Equally on a lady's glove,  
The pangs of disappointed love,  
The conqueror's all-subduing pow'r,  
Or freedom's burst of generous despair,  
—When starting from her long depression  
She, in one fiercely battled hour,

Her broken shackles scatters on the air—  
On each alike in quick succession,  
Can genius lavishly his treasures show'r,  
Imagination, passion, thought profound,  
And measured harmony of sound ?

## II.

But does Ausonia's improvvisator  
Thus, upon every changing subject, pour  
The noblest treasures of the Muse ?  
Gifts, that to honours, only not divine,  
Exalt the favoured votary of her shrine,  
The nursling of Castalian dews !  
Does he, in unpremeditated lay,  
Imagination's soaring wing display,  
Or passion's depths reveal ?  
Does he each thrilling hearer shake  
With fev'rish sympathy, and wake  
An echo in each breast ?  
What splendid images, impress'd  
With inspiration's living seal,  
On memory remain ?  
What mighty thoughts, that stir the brain  
From apathetic rest ?

## III.

This? No! 'Tis a delicious art  
With words, all melody, to toy;  
Playfully skim o'er mind and heart,  
And charm the fancy, but impart  
Rather surprise than high poetic joy.

## IV.

Not thus, not thus did Homer, eyeless, old,  
And wandering, sing his immortal strain  
At courts of princes, whose forefathers bold  
Conquered or fell on Ilion's fated plain!  
Nor did the ancient warrior-bard,  
Of Saxon or of Briton race,  
When summoned banquet-hall to grace,  
Accept each subject thus, whether it jarred,  
With irksome recollections fraught,  
On every fibre of his shuddering frame,  
Or, o'er the rolling tide of thought  
Floated, so passionless and tame,  
That on the ocean's deep untroubled face,  
No ripple of it's passage marked the trace.

## V.

'Twas when the spirit-stirring theme  
Was throbbing in each nerve, each pulse,  
When in the vivifying beam  
Of fervid passions, that the soul convulse,  
Emotion, thought, imagination,  
Were kindling to poetic blaze,  
'Twas then that genuine inspiration  
Poured on the bard her overwhelming might,  
In splendid, wild, rich, glowing lays!  
Whilst every listener, breathless with delight,  
Unconscious of the ruling skill,  
Wept, laughed, or maddened, at the master's will.

## VI.

'Twas then such imagery rose  
As witch'd with beauty every sense,  
And thoughts, beneath whose influence  
The spirit, startled from repose,  
Was taught in meditation deep  
Pleasures, before undreamt, to reap.

Each passion, that in music spoke,  
With potent spell of sympathy  
Responsive chords in every heart awoke :  
Now chivalrous resolve impelling,  
Now the o'er-laboured bosom swelling  
With such emotions, soft and mild,  
As dim with sweetest tears the virgin's eye ;  
And now arousing terrors wild,  
Impulses dark of superstitious zeal,  
That, cowing reason, tenderest bosoms steel  
'Gainst nature's cry.

## VII.

To this creative godlike pow'r,  
Oh liken not his sportive skill,  
Gay pastime of an idle hour,  
That flings a fairy-spell around,  
Of words, whose very unknown sound  
Is music to the sense ;  
Of rhymes, that on th' unconscious will  
Crowd in exhaustless affluence,

With liquidly voluptuous measure  
Diffusing evanescent pleasure.  
Eolian harps yield such delight  
When Zephyr wakens with a sigh  
Their slumbering soul of melody,  
That through the silence of the night  
Breathes warblings sweet as May morn dreams,  
Like them forgotten, in effulgence bright  
When blaze the sun's meridian beams.

## VIII.

How different the never dying spell  
That genius for his favoured children weaves !  
No lapse of years, of centuries, deceives,  
Or weakens, those high influences that dwell  
In " thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"  
In strains of such transcendent brightness,  
Such fanciful ethereal lightness,  
That unborn ages, realms unknown,  
Their native languages contemptuous spurn  
Intent those long unspoken tongues to learn  
With poesy that teem in each unwonted tone.

## X.

Such wide out-spread, despotic sovereignty  
Over the intellect of man,  
And such endurance, scorning life's brief span,  
Are genius' lofty destiny  
When he irradiates our earth.  
Let not, his excellence to wrong,  
Endowments of inferior worth  
Usurp his name,  
His starry crown of fame,  
The high prerogatives that but to him belong !

## TO THE SUNFLOWER. (\*)

BRIGHT emblem of passion, ambitiously high,  
 Unchangeably constant, and fervent as pure,  
 Asks thy love unattainable, sympathy's sigh,  
 Or do feelings like thine their own guerdon assure?

Oh selfish, and dead to the generous fires  
 In bosoms impassioned as tender that glow,  
 Were he, who in love that so proudly aspires  
 Unhoping return, should discover but woe!

Or is't not for man, whose adventurous mind  
 By resolute energy marvels achieves,  
 To judge how fond woman, each self-thought re-  
 signed,  
 Joys in glories she shares not, joys, e'en while  
 she grieves?



Man knows not upon those magnificent rays,  
Their own beauty imparting to nature around,  
How exulting thou dwell'st with devotion's rapt gaze,  
And of life's choral gratitude drink'st the glad  
sound.

What though from his throne's exaltation, that sun  
On his lowly adorer bestow not a thought,  
His triumphant career so thou view'st as 'tis run,  
Thine existence with sympathy, rapture is  
fraught.

When dispersing the shadowy gloom of the night,  
Dawn's roseate tints, flush the sky's colder blue,  
From dreary obscurity wak'ning to light,  
Thou hail'st the glad promise of morning's gay  
hue.

When the orb of heat, light, and existence the source,  
Bursts from thralldom below in the pride of his  
power,  
With delicious emotion thou follow'st his course,  
And deck'st in his own golden radiance thy flower.

Even when tow'rds his setting, thine idol declines,  
His track thou pursuest with heart undepressed;  
Nor, whilst in his splendour the universe shines,  
Can forebodings of evil intrude on thy breast.

When the lord of thy passion and life disappears,  
The reflexion of glory in heav'n that is left  
So brightly of absence the loneliness cheers,  
That scarce of his influence seem'st thou bereft.

And—oh how unlike to the mourning of man!  
To thee shall each morrow the loved one restore;  
No dreary abandonment blights the brief span  
Of a being but fashioned to gaze and adore.

There are, mid the heirs of humanity's pride,  
Whom desolate widowhood slowly destroys;—  
Or, selfishly cold, through existence who glide  
Unawakened alike to its sorrows and joys;—

Oh many, with pity who view, or disdain,  
A passion so humbly aspiring as thine,  
Might envy emotions so sweet in their pain,  
As for their best enjoyments thou would'st not  
resign!

## FLANDERS.

---

FLANDERS, although the bard's fastidious eye,  
Seeking rock, cataract, primæval snow,  
And all the pomp of Alpine scenery,  
May scorn thy rivers' broad and level flow,  
The golden harvests in thy fields that glow,  
The cities, crowning with tall spires thy plains,  
Which the staid pride of Burgher op'lence show,  
May scorn thy merchant-sons, computing gains  
Which he, in knowledge, joy, or sorrow rapt, dis-  
dains ;

Yet o'er the homelier features of thy face  
Time's mellowing touch a misty tint has shed,

Veiling thee with antiquity's sad grace;  
Breathing of men, of deeds, of ages dead.  
Thy sons, for faith and liberty who bled,  
On memory rise—names with deep reverence fraught:  
And whilst thy scenes of annaled fame we tread,  
Springs in the British heart a prouder thought;—  
What battles on thy plains our British Marlborough  
fought!

For faith they bled,—Oh! thy cathedral-piles  
In coldest breasts awake devotion's fires!  
'Neath Antwerp's lofty dome and pillared aisles,  
Tow'rd's heaven more fondly humble faith aspires.  
Ye monuments of piety's desires!  
Can child of poesy your spell disown?  
No! Midst the anthems pealing from your quires,  
Imagination tow'rd's th' eternal throne  
Wings his impetuous flight, with passion erst un-  
known.

Yet might your obsolete magnificence  
In sterner bosoms different fires awake.  
With superstition's ruthless influence  
Did ye, perchance, dark Alva's conscience shake,  
Prompting a nation's sentence to the stake;

Prompting a vow, breathed at some holy shrine,  
The Inquisition's thirst of blood to slake,  
To erring man heaven's office to assign,  
And with fanatic zeal bound clemency divine.

Say, Brussels, saw those venerable walls  
With patient sculpture's decorations gay,  
—Still proudly sheltering thy public halls—  
Alva, with code of blood, pollute the day?  
Wresting from Margaret's gentler hand the sway  
That almost had each rebel heart subdued.  
Brussels, reluctant if thy pride obey  
A Holland lord, if lofty thoughts intrude, (\*)  
Recall those times, nor let ambition's dream delude!

Oft have ye gallantly maintained the fight  
For chartered liberties in days of yore,  
Thou, and thy sister towns, with burgher might,  
When ye have deluged squares and streets with gore,  
Nor blenched to hear the din of battle roar.  
As sternly firm 'gainst pity, 'gainst the fair,  
Ghent saw the Maid of Burgundy implore,  
With unavailing tears and anguished pray'r,  
Her faulty statesman's few remaining years to spare.

Such thy harsh strength when private wrongs  
    provoke :

But, Flanders, oft thy plains the lists have been  
Where Europe strove against proud Gallia's yoke.  
Here Bourbon hosts, for conquest ever keen,  
Beheld the slighted fugitive, Eugene,  
Partake our Marlborough's career of fame.  
Thine too that later glorious battle's scene  
That stamped with immortality *his* name  
Who Europe's conqueror taught defeat, and flight,  
    and shame.

Amidst thy rampart-girdled towns such themes,  
Flanders, upon my lonely musings rise ;  
And though not thine to haunt the poet's dreams,  
Thy rugged accents though the Muse despise,  
Thy pencil's wonders fix the gazer's eyes;  
Vandyke and Rubens, names to genius dear,  
Proclaim that to no climate heaven denies  
Imaginations exalted, fervid, clear,  
That lift th' enraptured soul high o'er this  
    earthly sphere.

Flanders, farewell ! Albeit 'tis thine to move  
Such recollections in the wanderer's breast,  
Thine endless spreading plains I cannot love,  
Thy rivers, where the current sleeps at rest,  
And heavy atmosphere with damps oppressed.  
My pilgrimage to scenes more living turns,  
Where stormy oceans nature's power attest,  
Or bright in southern skies the day-star burns,  
Or freedom's island home, for which my spirit  
yearns.

THE STEAM BOAT.

---

How proudly o'er th' unfathomed deep  
Does yonder stately vessel sweep,  
Wide spread to catch the fav'ring gales,  
Her swelling, fortune-pregnant sails!  
The noon-tide sun complacent flings  
His radiance on her woven wings;  
Instinct with life as light she seems  
As, shining in those golden beams,  
She glides in conscious majesty  
Over the dimpling, curling sea.  
She to the frozen north conveys  
Fruits ripened in the tropic's rays;  
She bears the sons of enterprise  
To view Antipodean skies,



Uncultured regions to explore  
And humanize each savage shore;  
Mingling the growth of either zone,  
Nations of race and hue unknown;  
O'er every spot where man is found  
Diffusing luxury, commerce, round,  
Knowledge, arts, virtue, all of worth  
That heaven bestows upon our earth.

Where'er the light of day is playing  
Through either hemisphere thus straying,  
She dances on soft swelling waves,  
Or the wild raging tempest braves.  
The very triumph of man's skill,  
Bidding the ocean work his will,  
And forcing e'en the lawless wind  
To own the mastery of mind.

But, mark yon maimed, mis-shapen boat,  
Breathing from out its dragon-throat  
Volumes of smoke upon the day,  
That darken the meridian ray,  
Defile heaven's vault of azure fair,  
And taint the freshness of the air.

Yet turn not loathing from the sight !  
A deeper feeling of delight  
That mongrel birth of Fire and Night,  
Monster of ugliness confess'd,  
Awakens in the exile's breast,  
Than can, with all her ensigns streaming,  
Her white wings in the sunshine gleaming,  
The bark of beauty, in her pride  
Although the mountain surge she ride.

The ship so beautiful sails by,  
Pleasing the fantasy and eye.  
From Albion's distant shore, full-fraught  
With each domestic, kindred thought,  
The steam-boat comes! That noxious breath  
Loading the atmosphere with death,  
Bears to the banished pilgrim's ear  
Tidings of all the soul holds dear;  
Tidings of home—a magic word  
By Briton never coldly heard—  
Letters, that Eloisa said  
Were first devised for sorrow's aid;  
Letters, that severed spirits blend  
And half the pains of absence end.

## ELEGY,

TO THE SEA.

MAJESTIC Ocean, in this mortal world  
Image of infinite, eternal might !  
How, skyward when thy giant waves are hurled;  
Thou fill'st the soul with terrible delight !

Thou, in the wantonness of conscious pow'r,  
Play'st with the ramparts formed to stem thy  
force ;  
Contemning, suffer'st them to last their hour,  
Then overwhelm'st in thy resistless course.

Man's thirst of bold adventure to promote  
Thy dimpling waters now his sails invite ;  
O'er depths unfathomed barks in dalliance float,  
Or crimson thy clear waves in reckless fight.

Now, bursting from thy bosom, tempests rave,  
Thy power, thy horrors the next ship surround.  
Upborne tow'ards Heaven she crests the mountain  
    wave,  
Then sinks for ever in thy gulf profound.

Unheeded o'er my head long summer days  
    Pass, whilst reclining, silent, on thy shore,  
I, on thy glittering, glassy surface, gaze,  
Or listen as thy storm-tossed surges roar.

And thou, ev'n thou, terrifically grand,  
Nature's unchanging laws must thou obey?  
Must thou, in vain resisting her command,  
Yield to a viewless undiscovered sway?

Dost thou, those billows foaming, swelling high,  
Vainly against each rocky bulwark dash?  
Those angry surges, that control defy,  
Is it in vain the lowliest strand they lash?

An unseen line thy wildest storms revere,  
Exhausted with their rage, thy waves subside ;  
A power, by man unfelt, stays thy career,  
And infants sport where rolled thy threatening  
tide.

And I, the creature of a flitting hour,  
Floating, unmarked, adown time's rapid stream,  
Shaken with gusts, like rain o'er-burthened flow'r,  
Whose best of life is but a feverish dream ;

Shall I in insect arrogance repine  
If fate reverse not every fixed decree,  
Mould not the universe to my design,  
Or human nature change to pleasure me ?

What though with lofty yearnings throb my breast,  
Or brood o'er fantasies for earth too bright ;—  
All, all by destiny's stern hand repressed,  
Though verge my cheerless day tow'rds darker  
night—

—Not cheerless no ! th' unthankful word unsay !  
Though not the splendid sun, my proud desires  
Had imaged, humbler stars of kindly ray  
My path have gladdened with their genial fires.

And thou, who, whilst inspiring my complaint,  
Bidst even that complaint in numbers flow—  
Numbers, the passions soothing whilst they paint,  
Heighteners of rapture, softeners of woe—

To thee, imagination, thee, ingrate,  
To thee, my Muse, friend, teacher, joy supreme,  
Shall I repine, that life's precarious state  
Yields not realities to match thy dream ?

Or murmur that my fervid spirit glows  
With feelings, thoughts, and passions all too high?  
The deep delight from such regret that flows  
No bliss to colder tempers can supply.

Ocean, while thus, in melancholy mood  
Beside thy threatening breakers laid, I muse,  
Dispersed the clouds, that tempests seemed to brood,  
Thou glistenest to the sun in thousand hues.

From thy bright billows, white with foamy wreaths,  
The awful spirit of the mighty deep  
O'er my dejected soul soft influence breathes,  
Bidding unwonted dewa mine eyelids steep.

From thee, majestic Ocean, bids me learn  
Senseless ungrateful murmurs to repel,  
My destined course, submissive to discern;  
And, should ambitious thoughts my bosom swell,

Bids me remember that, although in vain  
Thy proudest tides the stedfast shore assail,  
By their wild tossing, through thy boundless reign  
Diffused, do beauty, vigour, life prevail.

So fancy's splendid dreams, haunting my brain,  
And those deep feelings that my life consume,  
Preserve me free from taint of worldly stain,  
Nerve virtue's strength, and gild night's darkest  
gloom.

## ADDRESS TO THE METHODIST.

---

OH, say not that sorrow, like pain, is our doom,  
 That in penance and tears we existence must  
 spend !

This beautiful world to o'ershadow with gloom]  
 Attempt not, nor vainly with nature contend.

Say, wherefore our strong social impulses given,  
 If in joy to converse with our species were sin ?  
 If worthless renown, why resistlessly driven  
 By peril, by toil reputation to win ?

Say, why ev'ry nerve, ev'ry pulse in our frame,  
 To sweet names of kindred throbs yearningly  
 true,

If no more of affection than strangers may claim  
 To parent, child, brother, or consort be due ?



Would nature so lavishly charm ev'ry sense,  
If but to be vanquished were senses bestowed ?  
Pure enjoyment would science, wit, genius, dispense,  
From their culture, if guilt or impiety flowed ?

Then however enthusiast zealots may rave  
Of devotional feelings, unearthly as these,  
That beneficent God, all our feelings who gave,  
By unnatural sacrifice think not to please.

Forbear to pervert a religion of love,  
Omnipotent Mercy depict not austere ;  
Nor, disdaining endowments, blest gifts from above,  
Thy Creator contract to thy narrower sphere !

Our instincts, our genius, sense, passion, and wit,  
All are portions alike of Omniscience' plan,  
That with virtue and piety, tempered, blent, knit,  
The union might form the perfection of man !

Nor were they bestowed, those emotions, those  
powers,  
To torture enthralled, or down-trampled decay ;  
But our arduous path to embellish with flowers,  
To ennoble, enlighten, and sweeten life's day.

On the beauties by nature profusely displayed  
Let thy senses then revel in blameless delight ;  
On the mountains, the rocks, the embrowned forest  
shade,  
The measureless ocean's tempestuous might,

Or translucent expanse, that, of emerald hue,  
Glitters bright in the sunshine, with undulous  
swell ;  
On the silvery moon, in her realm of deep blue,  
Let thine eyes in romance's own luxury dwell ;

Of the fragrance that breathes from the earth and  
the air,  
And Flora's gay children, the perfume inhale ;  
Let thine ear drink the music, untutored by care,  
That resounds from the woodland, that floats on  
the gale.

Nor deem it less innocent joy to admire,  
Of genius bestowed on thy fellows, the fruit ;  
Art's self is but nature, th' unquenchable fire  
Her boon that distinguishes man from the brute.

Then revel unchecked in the wonders of art,  
Of the pencil, the chisel, the lyre's golden  
strings;  
And grateful enjoy, over mind, sense, and heart,  
Her spell, ether-woven, when Poesy flings.

Let the theatre's witch'ry, the actor's rare skill,  
An hundred-fold force to her talisman give,  
Now with passion's impetuous sympathies thrill  
The soul, that now seemed but for laughter to  
live.

Thy faculties quicken, invig'rate, refine,  
The heights and the depths of each science ex-  
plore,  
Let thy fancy and wit, vivid meteors, shine  
Enriched with all fable's, all history's lore.

To the tend'rest affections surrender thy heart,  
E'en to passionate love, so its ardour be pure;  
Take freely in gay social converse thy part,  
Nor e'en fashion's light pleasures severely  
abjure.

Nor in study or pleasure pollution suspect  
While no eye by thy fault is bedimmed with a  
tear,  
While thy joys and thy mirth are unbought by  
neglect  
Of the duties allotted to each in his sphere.

The Creator, while piety's, gratitude's glow  
From blameless enjoyment draws fervour more  
bright,  
—Enhancing all pleasures this life can bestow—  
May complacently look on his creatures' delight.

## THE SISTER ARTS.

## I.

SCULPTURE, with bold creative art,  
Can, to the stubborn shapeless rock,  
Such beauty, grace, and soul impart  
As seems with life our sense to mock.

We gaze upon the God of day—  
As, in the consciousness of might,  
He sees the death-pang of his prey  
Ev'n while the arrow wings its flight ;—

Upon the Graces' laughing Queen—  
Her soft luxuriance of form,  
Her faultless, love-inspiring mien,  
Where marble seems with beauty warm ;—

Till half we deem divinity  
Can but in tintless marble dwell,  
And roseate cheek and sparkling eye  
Of mortal clay and frailty tell.

## II.

Painting, all rivals to subdue,  
Her spell of fascination weaves  
Of every glowing, glittering hue  
The universe from light receives.

Her pencil's magic touches wake  
To mimic life a fairy world,  
New hills and groves existence take,  
New seas by zephyr's breath are curled ;

And, to the human heart more dear,  
Her skill bids human beauty bloom  
Amidst each passion, hope, and fear,  
Each joy and grief—our nature's doom !

The sage's deep reflective mood,  
The poet's glance through earth and sky,  
The warrior's dauntless fortitude,  
The maiden's tear-gemmed, smiling eye,

And dearer still, the form, the face  
That in the heart's recesses lives,  
Triumphant over time and space  
Her talismanic witchery gives.

## III.

Music, with balmy influence,  
Over the weary spirit steals,  
Laps in Elysium every sense,  
And many a pang or soothes or heals.

Now stormy passions lulls to sleep,  
Now latent sparks fans to a blaze;—  
If sensibility less deep,  
Kindled from less ethereal rays,

If less imaginative pow'r,  
Less intellectual energy,  
Music, in her sublimest hour,  
Can boast than godlike Poesy :

Whilst she alleviates human care,  
Or with devotion fires the breast,  
What stern philosophy may dare  
To scorn or slight her office blest ?

## IV.

Poesy ! effluence divine,  
Thou choicest gift by Heav'n bestowed !  
Far other, loftier powers are thine,  
With mightier spirits thine abode.

Profoundest philosophic thought  
Brooded in meditative mind ;  
Imaginings the wildest, raught  
From realms beyond the bounds assigned,

To the proud intellect of man ;  
The lightest fantasy that dwells  
Within the sphere his senses scan,  
Or wider sports mid fairy spells ;



Fierce passions that convulse the soul,  
Sweet sympathies the heart that thrill,  
And deep emotions that control  
Sense, judgment, ev'n the wayward will ;

All, all, the vassals of thy sway,  
Are governed by thy wizard wand ;  
All, unresistingly, obey  
Thy potent breathings of command ;

And, blent by thy creative might  
With elements of earthlier kind,  
Form strains imbued with life and light,  
That melt, fire, rule, th' awakened mind.

Imagination's queen ! wouldst thou  
One single fostering smile dispense,  
That, whilst I at thine altar bow,  
Breathed inspiration's influence !

Might I in thy bright imagery  
Thy numbers' harmony rejoice,  
Essex' nor Damer's hand or eye,  
I'd ask, nor Milnes' nor Harcourt's voice !

THE HINDOO BOATMAN. <sup>(10)</sup>

“ For whom the portion, boatman say,  
Laid of thy frugal meal aside ?  
For absent friend, or future day,  
Does thine abstemiousness provide ?

“ How ! to yon beggar blind and lame,  
Whose moans the trav’ller’s alms implore,  
Food, toil’s keen appetite might claim,  
Giv’st thou, full half thy scanty store ?”

“ Sahib, not mine th’ allotted share,  
Nor mine the charity that gives :  
Both my lost son’s, so kind, so fair !  
Who only in my bosom lives.

“ My darling boy! mine only son !  
If early vanished from my sight,  
Too quick thine earthly race if run,  
Shall I defraud thee of thy right ?

“ Or, sordidly thy portion save ?  
Or, with brute appetite consume ?  
Thy due, which erst I joyful gave,  
As thine in life, thine in the tomb,

“ And if thy pious charity  
Thy portion of our meal assign  
To that poor mendicant, whose cry  
Melted thy heart, perchance, through mine,

“ Eagerly I obey thy hest,  
And banquet on the grateful sound  
Of thy dear name by misery blest—  
Balm to the childless father’s wound !”

## UPON A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT.

---

WHEN heavy clouds obscure the sky,  
And o'er the fainting wanderer's eye  
Cast an impervious veil,  
Should the moon's silvery flickering ray  
Athwart the lurid darkness play  
A moment, and then fail ;

The objects half revealed to sight,  
Then sudden lost in murky night,  
Uncertain, undefined,  
More gaily cheer his drooping heart,  
Can more reviving strength impart  
To the o'erwearied mind,

Than if the bright, refulgent beam  
Its lustre poured o'er wood and stream,  
O'er mountain, vale, and spire,  
Giving the landscape to the sense  
With all the unclouded evidence  
His wishes could desire.

So when round man's devoted head  
The clouds of adverse fortune spread  
And life is only woe ;  
If with gay fancy hope combine,  
Fitfully bright their splendours shine,  
And doubtful prospects show.

But from the visionary scene  
The light, reflected, sweet, serene,  
A cheering solace gives ;—  
Awaking to Heaven's genial breath  
The soul throws off the sleep of death,  
And in the future lives.

## ELEGY

UPON THE DEATH OF MISS STABLES.

---

BUT now, defying poverty's sharp stings,  
To own the power of fortune I disdained,  
Boasting those tyes to which the bosom clings  
Of wedlock, nature, friendship, mine remained.

And mine they were ! For if, long years ago,  
A father, to his daughter's heart most dear,  
Passed from this earth, steeping my soul in woe  
That preyed upon my frame and healthful cheer ;

Years since that bitter loss had rolled away,  
Each dropping from its wings time's healing dew ;  
And though his image still, by night, by day,  
Be ever present to mine inward view,

It comes not now, with pangs my soul that shake ;  
But, with complacent recollections fraught,  
Seems in mine every interest to partake,  
And kindly influence each act and thought.

But oh ! how suddenly such boasts were hushed  
In grief's convulsive, suffocating sigh,  
My spirit when th' unlooked-for tidings crushed  
That death had quenched the radiance of that eye,

Where intellect and goodness shone combined !  
That death from an admiring world had rent  
The most enlightened comprehensive mind,  
That e'er with woman's tenderness was blent !

An intellect to Science' heights that soared,  
That sophistry might never lead astray,  
But heaven's mysterious will meekly adored,  
Unquestioning, contented to obey !

In her no bigotry devotion stained,  
Knowledge no pride, no harshness virtue bred ;  
Weakness she rather pitied than disdained,  
And mercy's tear, o'er sins she hated, shed.

By studies, recondite, abstruse, sublime,  
Untired, her genius rose on buoyant wing,  
Surveyed each realm of fancy's sunny clime,  
And quaffed each rill of the Castalian spring.

The face of nature, and the human form,  
With every feeling in that form that lives,  
She painted, now in numbers flowing warm,  
Now with the magic tints the pencil gives.

And hers to waken music's witching strain,  
The soul alternately that melts and fires ;  
In social converse hers the pleasing vein  
Round friendly hearth that calm delight inspires.

Hers with persuasive eloquence to cheer  
The spirit sinking 'neath a load of woe ;  
And hers with modest speech and judgment clear  
To share, at reason's feast, the soul's rich flow.

Nor scorned she, stooping from her height, to share  
Such slighter joys as minds less gifted taste ;  
Or upon many an irksome worldly care  
Study's or pleasure's destined hours to waste.



Delight in all her vivid spirit found,  
Nor sought the canker lurking 'neath life's bloom;  
Yet promptly turned from joy's enchanted ground  
To tend the bed of death, lightening its gloom.

And can it be, that I may never more  
Behold that friend, whose radiancy of life  
Reflected splendour from her boundless store  
On others, fainting midst existence' strife?

Spirits of her exalted excellence,  
When suffered to irradiate our earth,  
To warm with admiration every sense  
And kindle generous rivalry of worth,

Are but a moment shewn, then snatched away!  
Such apparitions teem with living light;  
Lasted their influence beyond a day  
This earth were heaven—for mortal man too bright!

## UPON DEATHS and OTHER MISFORTUNES

AMONGST THE AUTHOR'S ACQUAINTANCE.

OH ! mourn not the maid rich in virtue and truth  
 Untimely who sank to the grave !  
 Nor grieve for the fate of the warrior youth  
 Who died the proud death of the brave !

Though brief their career, uncorroded by care  
 She passed like a flow'et away;  
 And no earthly regrets her soul's freedom impair  
 As it seeks the blessed mansion of day.

And the youth,—for the good of his country, his  
 kind,  
 He to glory through danger aspired ;  
 Her laurel has Fame round his sepulchre twined,  
 And in Victory's arms he expired.

Lament for the mother cut off in her bloom,  
From a helpless, an infantine crew,  
Whose cries must disturb the repose of the tomb  
And the pangs of her death-bed renew.

But the bitterest tears upon earth that are shed  
Are hers—Oh lament for her lot!  
The sad mother's or wife's, who beholds on the head  
She most values, foul infamy's blot;

While with woman's devoted affection she loves  
Dares not utter the idolized name;  
Whose conscience the being most cherished reproves,  
And who innocent sickens with shame.

Such pangs make existence a burthen abhorred,  
Turn the hopes of religion to fear:  
For what solace to her can that heaven afford  
Which is closed against all she holds dear?

Then her's be your sympathy, weep for her grief,  
All sorrows, save her's, may be borne.  
Faith, fortitude, time, may yield others relief,  
But through life and in death she must mourn.

## UPON

## THE DEATH OF LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

—

THOU lovely meteor, with bewildering light  
 Illumining for one brief hour life's sphere,  
 That with soft brilliancy now charmed the sight,  
 Now struck the dazzled sense with pain and fear!

Thy rays so wildly, beautifully bright,  
 That even error's mists seemed to endear,  
 Are they for ever quenched in timeless night?  
 Sparkling no more on Love's, on Friendship's tear?

By thee unheeded, in exhaustless streams  
 Such tears th' extinction of thy lustre wail!  
 And I—to me though long eclipsed, thy beams  
 Could with strange witchery o'er my heart prevail,  
 Even when fitfullest their wayward gleams;  
 My tears gush warm to see thy splendours fail.

ON THE  
DEATH OF THE REV. ROBERT MALTHUS.

---

AND thou art gone, son of Philosophy!  
Such as Philosophy was deemed of yore;  
Not cold disdain of all mankind adore,  
But love of wisdom, holy, deep, and high.

Zeal in the search of truth, though buried lie,  
Deep, beneath mountain errors, truth's pure ore,  
Was thine, and zeal to use thy science' lore  
In the best service of humanity.

Nor pride, nor thy just self-esteem could blind  
The clear perception of thy pow'rful mind;  
In thee, the rival ne'er eclipsed the friend,  
For wisdom's self could not engross thy heart;  
The patriot, Christian, kindred, social part,  
All man's best qualities, 'twas thine to blend.

---

## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

---

How heavily that tone burthens the air  
With melancholy's most impressive sound !  
The drum should bid all warrior bosoms bound  
With kindling ardour glorious deeds to dare,

Waking in woman's heart pride blent with care :  
What gloom its muffled accents breathe around !  
Those arms that dully trail along the ground,  
How truly do they mourning's aspect bear !

The war-horse slowly following—I could say  
The generous charger knew that senseless clay  
Was now the master wont to rule his pride.  
Hark ! o'er the grave the final volleyed peal,  
That sets upon his earthly course the seal,  
To heaven proclaiming, 'twas a warrior died !

## IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

---

I STAND amidst the dead—No more who groan  
Beneath the stings to which all flesh is heir;  
And who the healing sweets no longer share  
That recompense humanity's each moan.

• If glory's wreath not one here laid might own,  
Nor those high gifts, by which man hopes to wear  
Such wreaths, nor yet of rapture and despair,  
The vivid touch that thrills each feeling's tone;

Life ev'n for them was teeming with delight;  
Theirs nature's joys that soothe the weary sense,  
Theirs sympathy with many a human heart.  
For them all this is over! Gloomy night  
O'ershadows them—And oh! what grief intense  
Has burst, to see the meanest spirit part!

## POSTHUMOUS FAME.

---

THE splendour of the summer day is o'er,  
 And each embosomed valley black in night;  
 Yet lingers still the sun, his golden light,  
 As though in admiration fond, to pour

Over those mountain tops, heav'nward that soar,  
 Clad in primæval snows, where colours bright  
 Changefully glitter midst th' eternal white,  
 Like jewelled crown on age's tresses hoar.

So, whilst oblivion hastens to entomb  
 All memory of humbler sons of earth,  
 The names of men pre-eminent for worth,  
 Genius, or heroism, gigantic loom  
 Through the obscuring mists of ancient story,  
 Dazzling in the reflexion of their glory.



HOPE.

---

THE winter's fogs disperse, the sun shines bright,  
Rekindling into life earth, air, and sky !  
Nature awakes beneath heaven's cheering eye,  
That o'er existence pours a flood of light.

Responsive to the genial season's might,  
The weary bosom heaves a softer sigh ;  
Hope rises to the surface buoyantly  
Floating o'er gloomy thoughts, down sunk in night.

Sweet Hope ! gifted, indeed, " with eyes so fair,"  
Who of Pandora's box shall dare complain,  
If thou, amidst unnumbered ills, wast there ?  
For man, what lot soever Fate ordain,  
Torturing, humbling, cheerful he may bear,  
So thy gay smiles alleviate present pain.

DESPONDENCY.

---

MADNESS 'tis not ! Though hours there be of care  
When madness scarce were an unwelcome guest ;  
When dark despondency o'erweights the breast,  
As wintry fogs o'erload the thickening air,

Through whose impervious curtain vainly glare  
Eyes, as in nightmare, lab'ring : so depressed  
The soul on which despondency's clouds rest.  
Not with such chill obscurity compare

Night's darkest noon, the season to repose,  
For hours, years, ages, that mankind invites ;  
That reinvigorates, to bear its woes,  
The aching head, or in the quiet tomb,  
From earth's sharp tortures, as from earth's delights  
Severed for aye, pillows it in soft gloom.

## DISCONTENT.

---

UNGRATEFUL he who dares of Fate complain,  
 Though many a disappointment doomed to bear;  
 The privilege to view God's world so fair,  
 —Yon starry, azure sky, the sun's domain,

Earth, in his beams now glowing, in soft rain  
 Now vivified,—to breathe heaven's genial air,  
 —The love of family and friends to share,  
 —Of wit, of genius, to enjoy the strain,

—Of science, art, the wonders to admire,  
 —Of deep philosophy partake the lore!—  
 These blessings ours, we, murmuring, ask for more!  
 Alas! indulged were every just desire,  
 Regret, such bliss, untempered by alloy,  
 To lose in death, would poison every joy.

## REMORSE.

---

THE human heart is fashioned to endure ;  
 All pangs are braved by man's audacious mood,  
 Or borne by woman's gentle fortitude ;  
 Through ills, thus borne, shines purity more pure.

All ? No !—Remorse, thine agonies, past cure  
 Poison the genial current of the blood !  
 Nor can meek patience nor stern hardihood,  
 Nor ev'n philosophy to them inure.

So must it be. The venom of thy sting  
 Could patience, hardihood, philosophy,  
 Or ev'n religion heal, vice might go free.  
 Should every earthly pang this bosom wring,  
 While thou, Remorse, remain'st an unknown guest,  
 Content and peace can ne'er desert my breast.

A G E .  

---

ALL join to chide thee as unlovely, age !  
Thou, dread of manhood, art the scorn of boys,  
And few so wise but thine approach annoys.  
Wherefore ? Because a useless war men wage

With years ; still vigorous all would tread life's stage,  
All cling to fleeting youth, and youth's vain toys.  
Yet every season has its proper joys ;  
The stores of memory, experience sage,

And ripened judgment, tempering each flight  
Of fancy, like th'affections, ever young ;  
Wisdom, like manna, dropping from the tongue :  
These age's charms, kind reverence that excite,  
By these a halo of respect is flung  
O'er wrinkles, failing limbs, and eyes less bright.

## DOTAGE.

UNLOVELY ? Ay, humiliating is age  
When with the form the faculties decay ;  
That sunny auburn turns to wintry gray,  
May wake a sigh, though scarce our thoughts engage :

But when, instead of judgment ripened sage  
We hear the tongue once witty, wise, or gay,  
Drivel inanity the live-long day,  
See nature's ties forgotten, childish rage,

Or selfish nothings fill the dotard's breast,  
No longer to existence' joys we cling.  
If such debasement threaten length of years,  
Grim death, all eager hopes though he arrest  
In manhood's summer, in youth's blooming spring,  
But as a welcome remedy appears.

## SOLITUDE.

---

SOLITUDE! spirit-soothing solitude,  
 Nurse of high thoughts and virtuous desires,  
 Of Poesy's imaginative fires,  
 Of deep philosophy's inquiring mood,

Of all that's gentle, amiable, and good!  
 The harrassed, aged, whom worldly conflict tires,  
 The soul to holy commerce that aspires,  
 Or soars with genius' fantasies imbued;

All seek alike in thy still haven rest;  
 But not o'er all alike thine influence.  
 There, thou breath'st calmness through th' o'erlaboured breast,  
 Here, kindest moral beauty's purest sense,  
 Conceptions of ideal excellence,  
 Or genius' blaze, or chivalry's proud gest!

## THE MIRAGE.

---

THE pilgrim, toiling through the waste of sand,  
Where tree, nor bush, nor blade of grass appears,  
Fainting with heat and thirst, parched ev'n his tears,  
Dejectedly looks round the dreary land,

Nought hoping to behold, save Arab band  
Down swooping on the prey with brandished spears.  
What distant gleam his sinking spirit cheers?  
Pellucid waters to his wish expand !

Impatiently he seeks them. They retreat,  
Still, in th' horizon seen, invite his haste,  
As he approaches still his hopes defeat.  
Thus the tired pilgrim through life's arid waste  
Sees bliss, that distant promised sure delight,  
Recede, and ever distant mock his sight.



## THE REVOLVING METEORS.

---

WHENCE come ye, wond'rous meteors, to our  
sphere ?

And whither go ye, hence evanishing ?  
How much of strange, perplexing questioning  
On the mind presses as ye reappear !

Onward or downward does your brightness steer ?  
Does air to earth its metal children fling ?  
Does the moon pelt us ? From the vacant ring,  
Where mathematics taught the Gallic seer

A planet should revolve, and none was found,  
Come ye, that unknown planet's fragments bright,  
Whose surface, whole, reflected not the light ?  
Or infant planets, in your airy round  
Are ye ? or of impending ills the sign,  
The meteor characters of wrath divine ?

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.



SWEET bird, that scanty charm'st the ear of day,  
 Whilst thousand mingled jocund warblings rise,  
 Earth's choral tribute to the bounteous skies—  
 When, hushed in twilight gloom, their concert gay

Subsides, when nature's silence waits thy lay,  
 How do thy snatches of rich melodies,  
 Thy witching cadences, all hearts surprise,  
 And e'en the rudest force to own thy sway!

All, all confess thy song's resistless might;  
 But who, because thou shunn'st day's busy light,  
 Would in thy music fancy touch of sadness?  
 In thine, thou merriest reveller of night,  
 Who of her weary hours beguil'st the flight,  
 Caroling forth the very soul of gladness!

## MACHINERY.

---

**MACHINERY**, a nation's wealth art thou !  
But rather might the child of Poesy  
Stand watching, 'neath a bleak and wintry sky,  
The sturdy peasants as they guide the plough ;

Or from beneath the summer's greenwood bough  
Mark them the hayfield's fragrant labours ply,  
Or golden harvests reap from toils gone by,  
Health glowing on each weather-beaten brow ;

Than see, beneath the manufact'ry roof,  
Sheltered from nature's sun, and nature's wind,  
Or in some city's suffocating lanes  
Pale forms of clay, now to dull tasks resigned,  
The clanking hammer guide, or weave the woof ;  
Now madden each the rest, when public frenzy  
          reigns.

UPON  
THE WELCH SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

---

IN days long past, when Conway's ruined tower,  
In strength exulting, foes, nay time, defied,  
Our conqu'ring Edward and his faithful bride  
Within its ramparts raised their nuptial bower.

The victor, in the fullness of his power  
Had fain subjected Menai's foaming tide  
Beneath the high-arched bridge.—The monarch's  
pride  
Saw mightier ocean his attempts devour.

'Twas left this softer, less heroic age,  
Nursling of commerce, science, liberty,  
To see the lowly sons of trade engage (<sup>11</sup>)  
In tasks that foiled triumphant tyranny,  
And o'er subjected Menai's fruitless rage  
Earth's dry-shod children cross, 'twixt sea and sky.

## THE SAILORS' BAZAAR.

---

This Song was condescendingly set to Music by  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS AUGUSTA,  
For the benefit of the Sailors' Hospital Charity.

---

### I.

THE British Tar in childhood's bloom  
Leaves a fond mother's breast,  
Sports o'er his fellows' watery tomb,  
Sinks, tempest-lulled to rest;  
And 'tis for Britain's gallant Tar  
Her daughters toil in gay Bazaar.

### II.

The British Tar in youthful prime,  
Masters the billowy main,  
Defies the tropic's death-fraught clime,  
Dark winter's ice-bound reign;  
And 'tis for Britain's gallant Tar  
Her daughters toil in gay Bazaar.

## III.

The British Tar in manhood's strength,  
His country's foes subdued,  
And vanquished by disease at length,  
Demands her gratitude ;  
And 'tis for England's gallant Tar  
Her daughters toil in gay Bazaar.

## IV.

Our King, himself a gallant Tar,  
For comrades asks your aid,  
And she, Britannia's softer star,  
Who first the call obeyed,  
Our Queen, for every suffering Tar,  
Labours with us in gay Bazaar.

SONG.

---

I.

DULLY serene are cloudless days !  
 But when the heavy rain descends,  
 Around when tempest lowers,  
 If suddenly the sun's warm rays  
 Through darkness breaking, pour their blaze  
 Upon the falling showers ;  
 Then as with nature's tear their splendour blends  
 How beautiful in tint Heav'n's bow that earthward  
 bends !

II.

So languishes in idle rest  
 The heart that only pleasure knows,  
 Tasting but half delight ;  
 'Tis when upon the aching breast  
 With sorrow's hopelessness oppressed  
 Joy pours his radiance bright,  
 Enhanced, endeared, contrasting with past woes,  
 Then rapturous the bliss with which the bosom glows.

## THE EXILE'S SONG.

---

I.

FAR removed from the land of my birth,  
Where my day-dreams of rapture are left,  
I but rove o'er the face of the earth,  
As of hope, so of mem'ry bereft.

## II.

E'en the birds as they carol delight,  
Speak a language unknown to mine ear;  
And no flower, although fragrant and bright,  
Can recall or a smile or a tear.

## III.

Land beloved, where mine infancy played,  
Where my youth waked to pleasure and pain,  
Where the bones of my fathers are laid,  
And their names and their virtues remain !



## IV.

What, if nature *here* lavish impart  
All the treasures to thee she denies ;  
To thy bosom each wish of my heart  
Is fast knit by the holiest ties.

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S SONG.

## I.

Oh, speak not of ill in this world of delight,  
Where happiness, kindness abound,  
Where beauty's embodied in every sight,  
Grateful rapture in every sound !  
Say, is't not a world of delight ?

## II.

How glorious the sun, in his splendour of might,  
Pours his radiance o'er wood, hill, and dale;  
How softly refreshing the coolness of night,  
With her moonbeams so silvery pale !  
Oh, sure 'tis a world of delight !

## III.

The woodland's blithe carols enjoyment excite,  
With music awakening the day;  
On the plain, Flora's children to pleasure invite,  
With sweet scents and fair tints, mingling gay;  
Yes, yes, 'tis a world of delight!

## IV.

While parents, friends, kindred, all fondly unite,  
Ev'ry blessing to heap on my head,  
While e'en strangers smile bland on a shy girl's  
affright,  
What envy, what ill can I dread?  
How doubt 'tis a world of delight?

# THE OLD WOMAN'S SONG.

---

## I.

BEAUTY is but a short-lived flow'r,  
 And, faded its perfume,  
 Say what may cheer each live-long hour,  
 To woman past her bloom?

## II.

Genius' high soarings, that for man  
 Earn ever-living fame,  
 Were mocked, would she, with toy-like fan,  
 Rouse in her breast their flame,

## III.

And wit, heav'n's bright ethereal boon  
Through sorrow's clouds to play,  
Withers the rosiest lips ere noon,  
Scaring young Love away.

## IV.

Yet sink not, woman, in despair !  
While virtue's fruits remain,  
While kind affections blossom fair,  
That not with beauty wane ;

## V.

Friendship, esteem, and grateful love,  
With mildly genial ray,  
Shall still cast haloes from above,  
To gild life's winter day.

UPON

## MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S PLAYING JULIET.

---

ITALIAN passion, sudden, deep, intense,  
With maidhood's simply fearless innocence,  
    With the chaste dignity that marriage gives,  
Blended in Poesy's ethereal hue ;—  
Such the sweet Juliet Shakespeare's genius drew,  
    The Juliet such that now in Fanny lives.



## NOTES.

---

(<sup>1</sup>) DANTE—Purgatorio, Canto IV.

(<sup>2</sup>) Italian Travellers describe purple as the colour of the clouds at sunset in latitudes more southern than ours.

(<sup>3</sup>) The outline of the Spanish Revenge is taken from the Italian *novelliero*, Bandello.

(<sup>4</sup>) This chivalrous little adventure is related by Spanish historians as having occurred in the reign of Henry IV. of Castile.

(<sup>5</sup>) This adventure actually befell an English family residing in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, shortly after the breaking out of the Greek insurrection.

(<sup>6</sup>) That many of the anticipations of public benefit, in this and some of the following poems, have been disappointed, it is superfluous to state. May the disappointment prove only temporary!

(<sup>7</sup>) When this was written the Greek insurrection was in its infancy, and the Duc d'Angoulême about to enter Spain.



(<sup>8</sup>) The same *Improvisatore* gave birth to these stanzas, by describing the Sun-flower's constancy as a painfully practised virtue.

(<sup>9</sup>) This was written in 1823, when the kingdom of the Netherlands still existed.

(<sup>10</sup>) Bishop Heber mentions this anecdote of one of his Hindoo boatmen.

(<sup>11</sup>) This sonnet was written under the idea that the Menai Suspension Bridge was a private company's speculation; and whether that idea be or be not a mistake, to this hour I know not.

FINIS.

